The SPHERE

Vol. CXXII. No. 1592 JULY 26, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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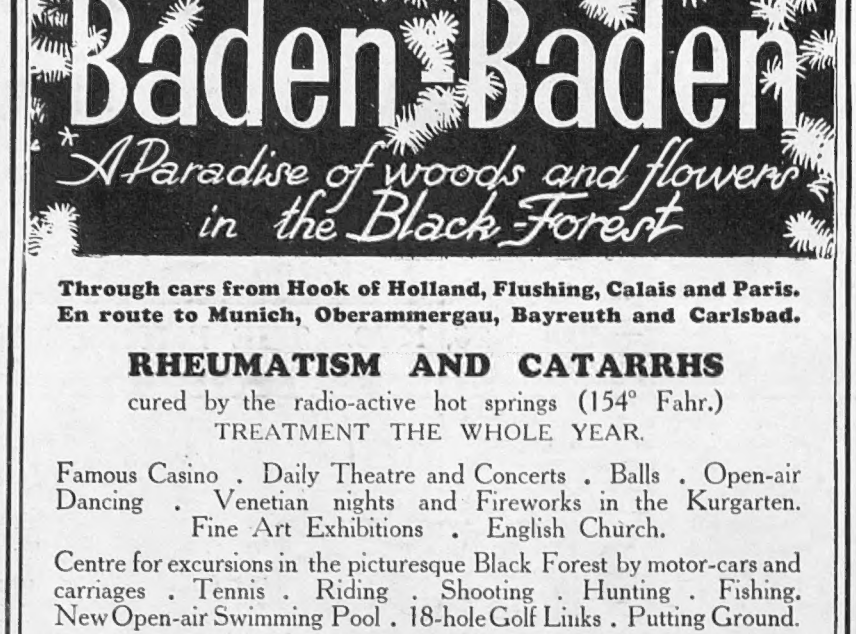

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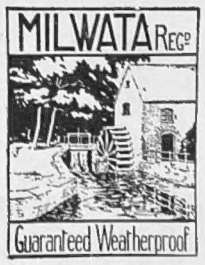

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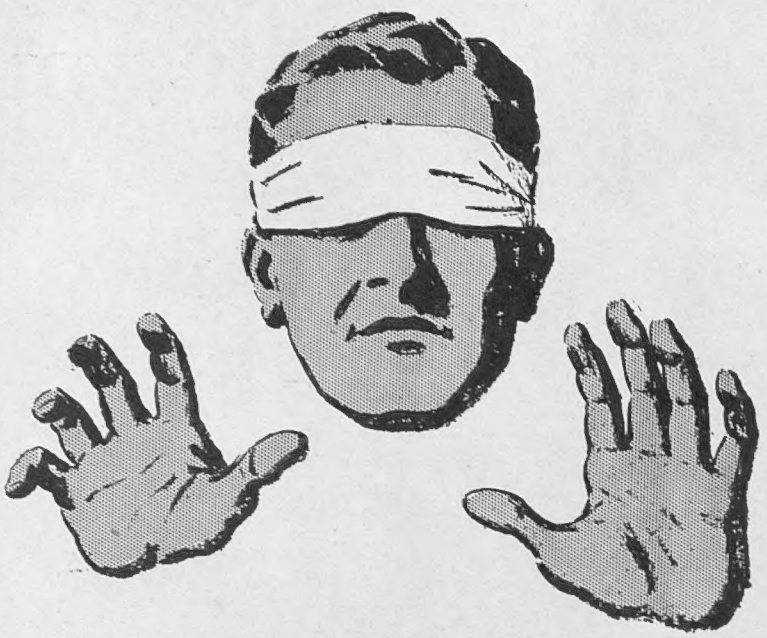

When it is a question of

Your Health

be sure—don't guess

HOW—if you want to improve your Health and Nerve-strength—how are you to decide upon the course that will give new vitality to your body? Here are a few facts you should know.

Fact I

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To sum up

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IF YOU WANT TO FEEL BETTER, if you want to conquer fatigue and to overcome nerve-weakness, then decide to try Sanatogen for a few weeks. You will soon notice that Sanatogen does what it promises to do—that it will revivify your whole system.

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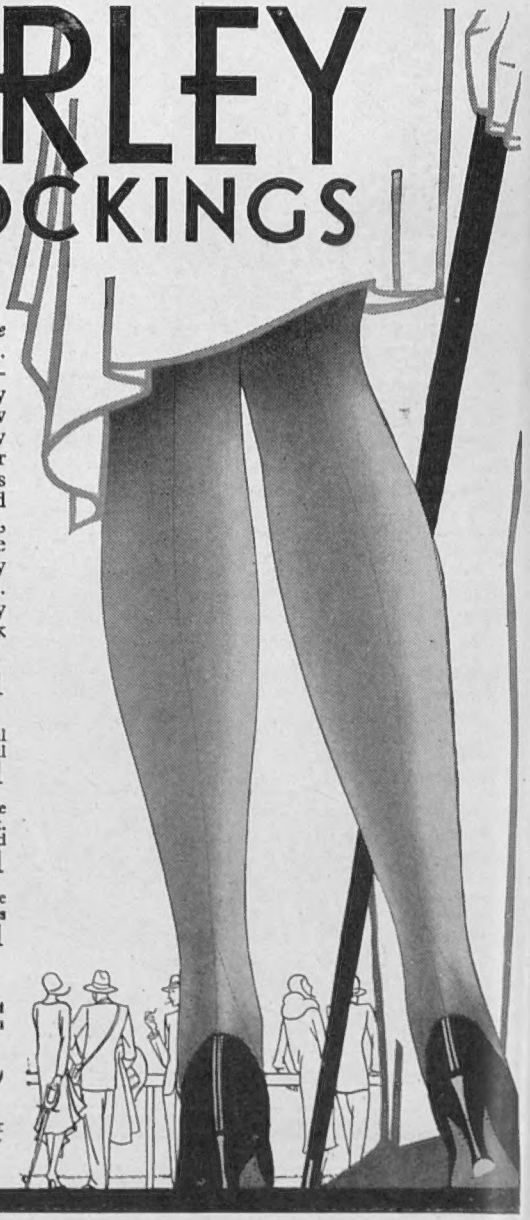

No uncomfortable seam under the foot. The secret is in the making. The cleverness of Morley craftsmen has got rid of that unhappy seam under the foot. The new side-seam is not only perfectly comfortable but it wears better than any other kind. Morley's too have provided an extra shield to the toe, yet so deftly, so daintily, that you could hardly tell by the feel of the fabric. Morley hosiery is made in forty alluring shades. Here is a selection from the Morley range of fully fashioned silk stockings :—

Fancy lace clox, re-inforced "Duplex" toes and heels, wide elastic tops. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½. **6/11**

Special service weight with special "Duplex" toe and heel splicing. Full length silk panel, wide elastic tops. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½. **7/11**

Fine gauge service weight, fancy lace clox. Mercerised cotton tops and feet. Specially re-inforced "Duplex" toes and heels, wide elastic tops. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½. **8/11**

Fine gauge service weight, fancy lace clox, silk top, re-inforced "Duplex" toes and heels. Mercerised cotton feet. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½. **9/11**

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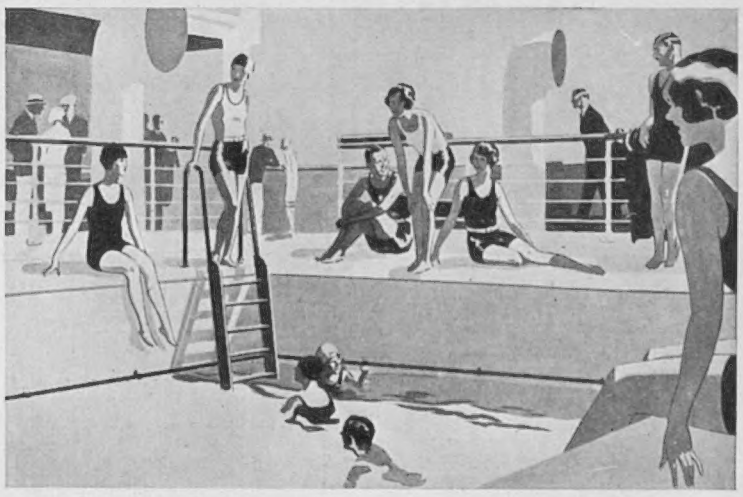

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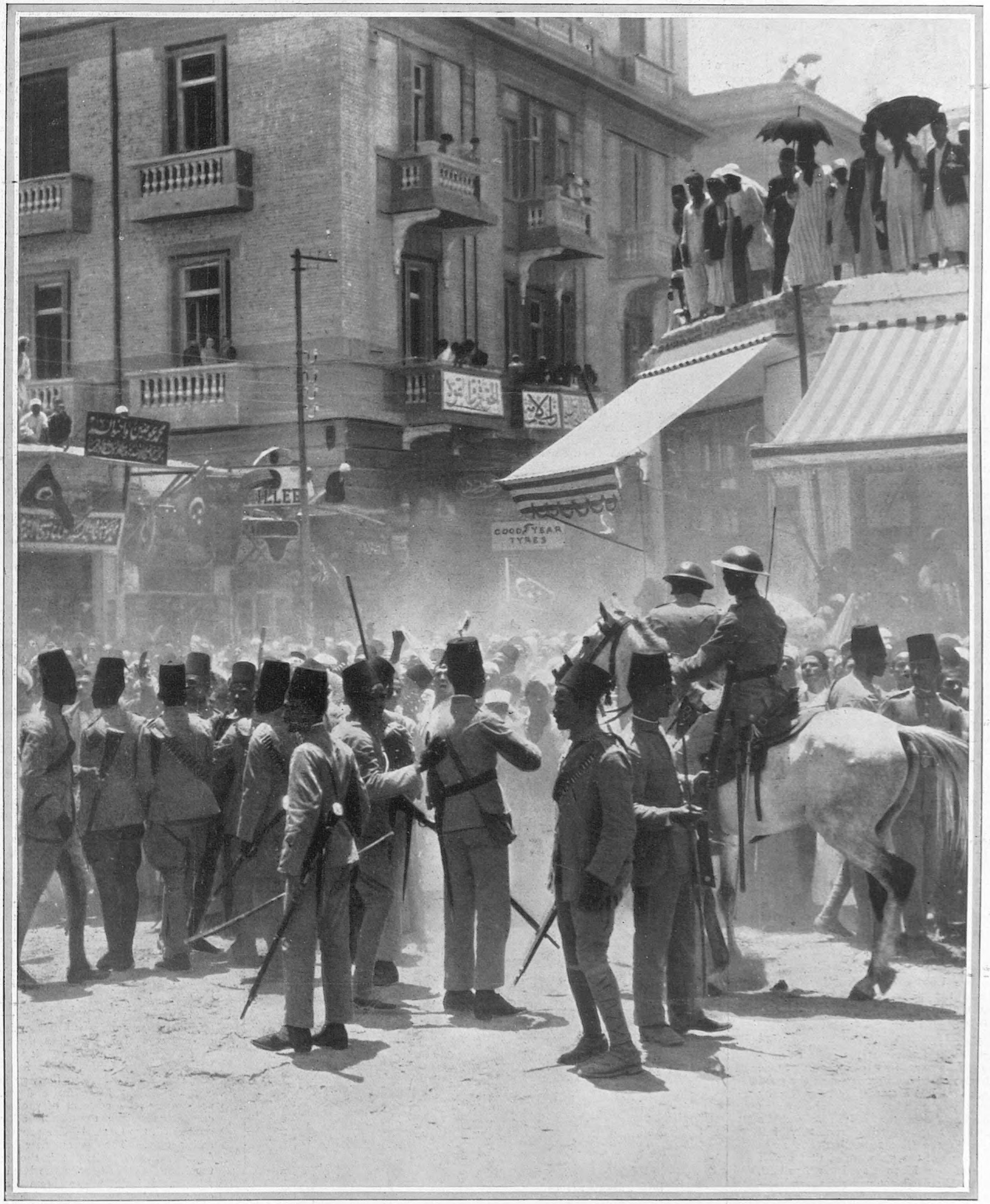
THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXII. No. 1592 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, July 26, 1930



GRAVE TURMOIL in EGYPT

A Typical Scene in Mansurah

Egypt has been suffering a week of turmoil. After Mansurah has come Cairo, and then Suez. Serious rioting broke out in Cairo in consequence of firm measures taken with the Wafdist (extremist) demonstrators, who had announced their intention of forcing their way into Parliament. Although they abandoned this plan, the precautions taken led to friction with the police, and several riots were started. These became so serious that the police had to fire on the mob. A number of the rioters were killed and nearly a hundred injured. All the shops were closed and shuttered, but despite this much damage was done in the streets, especially by the younger malcontents, who took advantage of the disorder to break street lamps and throw stones at tram-cars. The police were also stoned from the roofs of houses, but they soon hunted out these more isolated rioters, while cavalry patrols helped to clear the streets. At Port Said a mob was reported to have gained temporary control. Naval and military reinforcements are centring on Alexandria and Suez.

A London Newsletter

A CONTRAST WITH 1930: The second King's Cup prize (then Queen's) was won by Mr. Jopling, S. Middlesex, in 1861—seen seated with his rifle

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 23, 1930.

All Change.—In the country we have had a first bitter reminder of the approach of autumn. In London the end has come for Mayfair. She resumes curl-papers and brown holland. There may be a scratch meal in a shuttered dining-room for a member of the family passing through. London is a "desert" inhabited by 4½ million souls who find at last a prospect of getting through a little business, picking up a little bargain, enjoying a little friendship, dancing a little, thinking a little, reading a little, and seeing a little. Lansbury's Lido carries on, a solace and a stimulus, while the leaves fall and eddy, crackling and brown. A sad time and a time of memory, but not so bitter and poignant as in my hot youth. At any-rate London in August is no longer a city of the dead. On the contrary.

Goodwood.—I have been seeing a deal of fair Goodwood's making-up for her great week. Though the King will not be there, a brilliant meeting is expected. Every converging road for miles round has been an agony of tar and pebbles for weeks past. The tar barrels on the down itself have now discharged their loads; the Trundle, cabined and confined, has got back some of its unfettered charm, for even railings can't detract from that view of Chichester rising from the green weald and the blue sea twinkling beyond. Goodwood, in drought or deluge, summer or winter, is an enchanted spot, with its wondrous woods, its sudden valleys, its magic beech clumps (which are not all fallen to the axe of economy by any means), and its velvet turf. It may not be very pleasant in these days to be a duke, but ducal families certainly had a genius for choosing sites for their palaces, most of which still survive in the family. West Sussex is peculiarly rich in such properties, with Arundel, Goodwood, Petworth, and Cowdray almost joining hands. Despite the hundred charabancs which daily park at Bognor, West Sussex remains incurably aristocratic and exclusive. For the last generation it has been the policy of Lord Leconfield to hold on to Sussex, and of the late Lord Cowdray to buy Sussex. Hence the pleasant illusion that the eighteenth century lives on in that sweet corner of England.

Remove those Baubles.—There is no sort of need to find new methods of bringing Parliament into disrepute. Since Limehouse nights were invented the good work has been steadily carried on by men who should know better and by men who know no better. Mr. MacDonald's ragged tail wagged disreputably last week in the Commons, but the scene had none of the grandeur of that earlier rape of the Mace staged on April 20, 1653. We need not name the member—he has been officially named—and the publicity afforded him by his clownish and boorish action only served to reduce the already shrunken and wizened forms of the institution, the man, and the mind involved. Here, alas! was no Cromwell. Only a clown, unbalanced, tumbling off a rope he was never trained to tread. It's a sordid, disillusioning business to share brass-rags with that Left Wing, and the Government and its responsible followers did not conceal their disgust. For all balanced men who come in close contact with parliamentary institutions are won over to veneration for their splendid traditions, and discover that parliamentary procedure, with all its formalities and delays, is after all the short cut to efficient administration.

The Lords and the Coal Bill.—Cowardice and hypocrisy played their parts in the final debate which ended the long struggle between Lords and Commons over the Coal Bill. Two issues constantly obtruded in the discussions. "If we insist again"—this was Lord Beauchamp's view—"we shall bring an undesirable light of publicity upon our House. The electorate has enormously multiplied. They'll start the hare of abolishing us." That is cowardice. And hypocrisy cried: "We believe in the essential justice and statesmanship of our principle, but because we are an hereditary chamber it will look bad if we insist in what has the appearance of a class issue, a struggle between Capital and Labour." But Lords Salisbury, Gainford, and Melchett, in their different ways, kept the real issue decently before the House. The Second Chamber, indeed, has nothing now to lose by honest thinking and courage; and everything to gain. It is compromise, cowardice, and hypocrisy which has stripped it of all its authority. It may be that by this stand it will win and not lose favour in the electorate. And in any case the Second Chamber issue cannot be for ever shelved. The position of the Lords at the moment is constitutionally contemptible. It has been put to the touch in an honest and decent cause.

When Israel Came Out of Egypt.—If the man in the street clearly foresaw the inevitable result of our sentimentalist policy in Egypt, then surely the Government and Mr. Henderson must have anticipated it; and if so, they are bold to recklessness. What has happened in Cairo and Alexandria was anticipated by every single Englishman who has served in Egypt. Equality and fraternity are splendid ideals but they don't work indiscriminately as practical politics. You can't be on those terms, for example, with a colony of chattering monkeys. The best-informed opinion craved leave to doubt whether ancient Egypt, with her bitter internal dissensions, was quite educated up to the idealist experiment. Whatever Mr. Henderson may say to the Government in power in Egypt about its responsibility for foreign nationals, Europe still looks to us for protection of its nationals and property, and looks to us with a peculiar jealousy, almost one might say with the hope that we shall be found wanting in our trust. And, as if in answer to their prayers, the present Government has lost no opportunity of rendering that trust unworkable. The British remnant left in Egypt is abandoned, lacking support, fettered by ambiguous instructions, certain to be blamed, doomed literally and figuratively to be shot at.

The Curse of Records.—Once more, in the Third Test, we experienced the curse of records and statistics, those bogeys which make big cricket so disillusioning and so dreary a business. When one compares Woolley's light-hearted opening of the Second Test with the closing dinginess of the Third International one is inclined to think that cricket has a dual personality. The rigour of the game is one thing, constant appeal to the Umpires, especially when the issue is no longer in doubt, is another. The players owe something to the public who give them their livelihood. Hobbs has an unequalled experience of cricket. I wonder if Headingly is written on his heart. If ever a man might suffer disillusionment concerning the game to which he has devoted his life, that opportunity was given to several cricketers at Headingly. It is a thousand pities that the rain robbed Australia of a well-deserved victory. The Third Test did nothing for cricket and nothing for Empire fellowship.

Youth Will be Served.—Youth in the person of Lord Aberdare, better known as Clarence Bruce, has at last triumphed over middle age in the person of E. M. Baerlein. And youth has spent itself in the effort, for Lord Aberdare is forty-five. He has been laying for Baerlein since 1921, and during those years we have had a chance to see how constant training and practice at games can keep men young. It is impossible to believe that Lord Aberdare is forty-five; still more impossible to believe that Baerlein is fifty-one. Last week in the famous court at Lord's these two looked as if they shared at the outside three score years and ten. I remember Clarence Bruce thirty-five years ago standing on a footstool in his father's billiards-room piling up big breaks against mature and finished billiards players. The family "eye" is famous. Lord Aberdare is a master of every ball game, but so is his sister, Lady Rosebery. So ends Baerlein's supremacy, but what a splendid fight he has put up against Anno Domini and other masters of the ancient game of Henry VIII.

Mid-Atlantic. — The good ship *Shamrock V* is in mid-Atlantic and Neptune's keeping; and one more young man is out to prove that youth is not over because a certain number of decades are past. In the year of Sir Thomas Lipton's birth England last held t' Coop which Sir Thomas is making his fifth attempt to regain—and that was 80 years ago. Hope and keenness have been Sir Thomas's constant companions all his long life. For thirty years he has been after the Cup. All the experts agree that *Shamrock V* has proved the best of her name, and though in a sense it is five to one against her—for America has five Shamrocks from which to select her rival—it is generally believed that, for a variety of reasons, our chances of success are better than ever before. And if Sir Thomas brings the Cup back, what of it? The clouds won't fall it is true; but Sir Thomas will have proved the eternal truth of quite a number of nursery maxims—maxims which are for ever the simple, stern recipe for making a success of living.

THE FIRST WOMAN KING'S CUP WINNER AT BISLEY: Driver Miss Marjorie E. Foster, the first woman to be included in the King's Hundred, firing for the King's Prize. She scored 280 against the 279 of Lieutenant Eccles, a win by one point. She was fortunately unaware that her last shot meant so much, and proceeded to score a bull. A large crowd of women spectators excitedly cheered her, and she was duly chaired

The Wonder-year—for Women.—And now Miss Foster sweeps the board! Exactly twenty years ago to-day Mr. F. E. Smith was declaring to a sneakingly sympathetic House that he was utterly unconvinced that there was any considerable volume of opinion in favour of women suffrage among the women of England. For all I know he holds that view still; for all I know his opinion is sound. But—in twenty years what a triumphant transformation has taken place in the position of woman in social life! She was fighting then for a "say" in politics; she has got her "say," and politics being in temporary eclipse, she can calmly estimate the value of a vote to any individual citizen where each party in the State has been tried and found impotent. But, politics apart, let us consider the humility and diffidence with which woman set forth her claims to be worthy of the suffrage twenty years ago. She hardly dared to suggest that she could be, even in maturity, the equal physically, mentally or morally, of a pimply youth of the male sex. She put forward her claims to consideration alongside of men in fields of endeavour long sacred to men with a humility which to-day is utterly inexplicable.

In Twenty Years.—See her now—the interval is but a flash of time in the prime of life of any given individual—the triumphant rival of man in every field where "masculine" courage, endurance, patience, cool-thinking, and iron nerve are conditions precedent, not to success but to the mere right to attempt. Instance the triumphs of Miss Johnson, Miss Brown, Miss Foster. Not to mention the Ministers, members of Parliament, athletic champions, and ultra-professional novelists and journalists. And twenty years ago—yesterday, to me—a woman in bloomers was a madwoman, a woman worrying for political enfranchisement a horrible excrescence, and "really nice women" were "at their best behind the tea-kettle." Let no middle-aged man to-day declare that "except for the War my life has been humdrum."

Mr. Duff Cooper's Researches.—Mr. Duff Cooper out of Parliament is not a total loss to the Conservative Party. He has become a shrewd political observer unshackled and unmuzzled. He has made some discoveries about his party and its organization and what is wrong with it, which are sound and timely. He has published these observations from time to time, and because he writes good English without the least reserve or fear of consequences and with a sense of humour, people read his articles through to the end and extract the points they contain. Thus many vague Conservatives have discovered rather late that Mr. Davidson has been an innocent victim and that he was not responsible for, nor apparently in a position to remove, the monstrous barrier which has separated the Central Office from the local Conservative organizations.

Conservative Organization. — Certain it is that nothing so demoralizes an organization of any kind as the feeling that those who have served it well and have fallen by the way are forgotten. Mr. Duff Cooper asserts that, so far as the supply of literature and trained speakers and the conduct of propaganda campaigns during the last election are concerned, the Central Office proved very satisfactory. The great flaw in the Conservative organization is the lack of touch and authority with the local committees. It is difficult to blame the local committees if they resist dictation in their choice of a candidate, but it is a just cause of complaint if they regard promises to contribute handsomely to a hundred football clubs as more important than character, brains, and proved service to the party. But if Mr. Cooper can suggest a remedy, why in all those years could not Mr. Davidson see the danger and remove it?

THE OLD STAGER.

WOMEN of the MOMENT

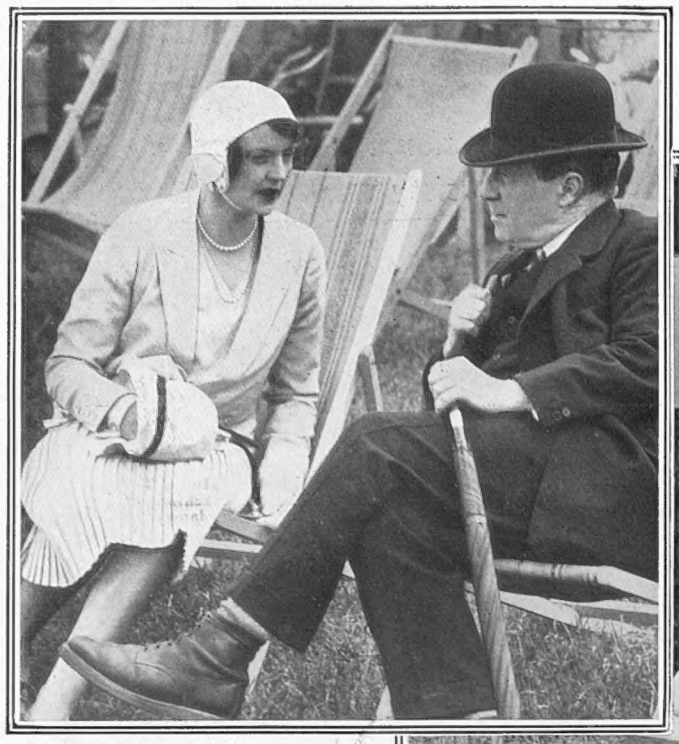
And an International Alliance in Society

SEEN AT THE HANWORTH AIR PAGEANT: Miss Converse and the Count de Segonzac

A SOCIETY WEDDING: Mr. Hubert Hamilton Earle, son of Lady Mulleneux Grayson and the late Mr. Ronald Hamilton Earle, and Mlle Marie Maurissen-Ruglioni, who were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride, who was attended by six briaesmaias, wore a long-sleeved gown of cream satin

GIRL GUIDES FROM MANY CLIMES: Four of the many picturesque figures who were seen at the great International Conference of delegates, attended by Girl Guides and Girl Scouts from all over the world, at Foxlease Park, Lyndhurst, Hants. The girl in the frogged jacket is the Hungarian delegate, Miss Eless. The older woman next to her is the delegate from Denmark, Miss Buchardt, and the other two are the Czecho-Slovakian delegate, Dr. Mladejovska, and a visitor from Spain, Senorita Cadenus y Campos

THE INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT and INTERNATIONAL RALLY at HANWORTH



POLITICIAN AND AIR-WOMAN: Mr. Baldwin, particularly interested in the Hanworth Pageant because it was in aid of his wife's appeal for the National Birthday Trust Fund, is here seen talking to Mrs. Cleaver, the well-known airwoman. She is wearing a smart white leather flying cap

AMATEUR BOOKIES: Some of the moving spirits of the Hanworth Rally, including Lady Cholmondeley, apparently ready to do a little business on the results of the race

CONGRATULATIONS: Captain the Right Hon. F. E. Guest being congratulated by Mrs. Baldwin on winning the Handicap Race of approximately 108 miles, with his 'plane Hawker Tom Tit. His prize was £75 in cash and a cup presented by Sir Philip Sassoon

A WOMAN FLYER ARRIVES: Miss Spooner, one of the competitors in the Round-Europe International Circuit, is here seen talking to the officials at Hanworth, where she was the fourth to arrive. There were eighty-nine competitors, and the circuit covers a total distance of 4,750 miles. The small picture in the centre shows the mechanic of Mr. A. S. Butler's machine, the first to arrive, running across the aerodrome to clock in

FLYING IN FUN AND EARNEST: While competitors in the International Round-Europe Race were hurrying through the air to Hanworth, less serious racing and all sorts of aerobatics entertained the spectators at the Aerial Meet and Rally in aid of the National Birthday Trust Fund. The Autogiro 'plane showed how it could descend vertically, and another airman also made a vertical descent—by parachute. One aviator flew very badly—but only to show beginners how not to fly

THE KENTISH AIR TRAGEDY

Near Meopham in Kent, in which all Six Occupants were Killed on Monday, July 21

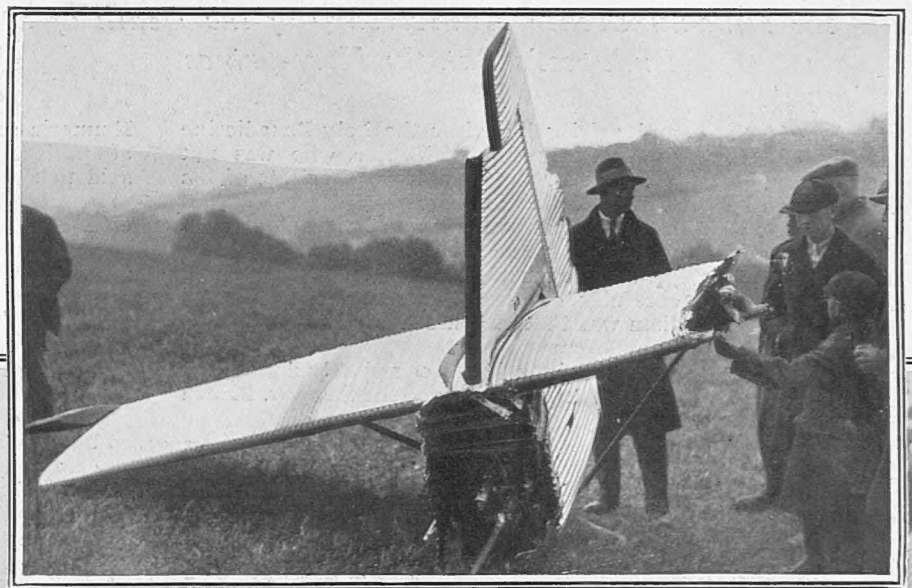
THE ILL-FATED 'PLANE: The German machine, a single-engined Junker, on "taxi-service" between Croydon and Le Touquet

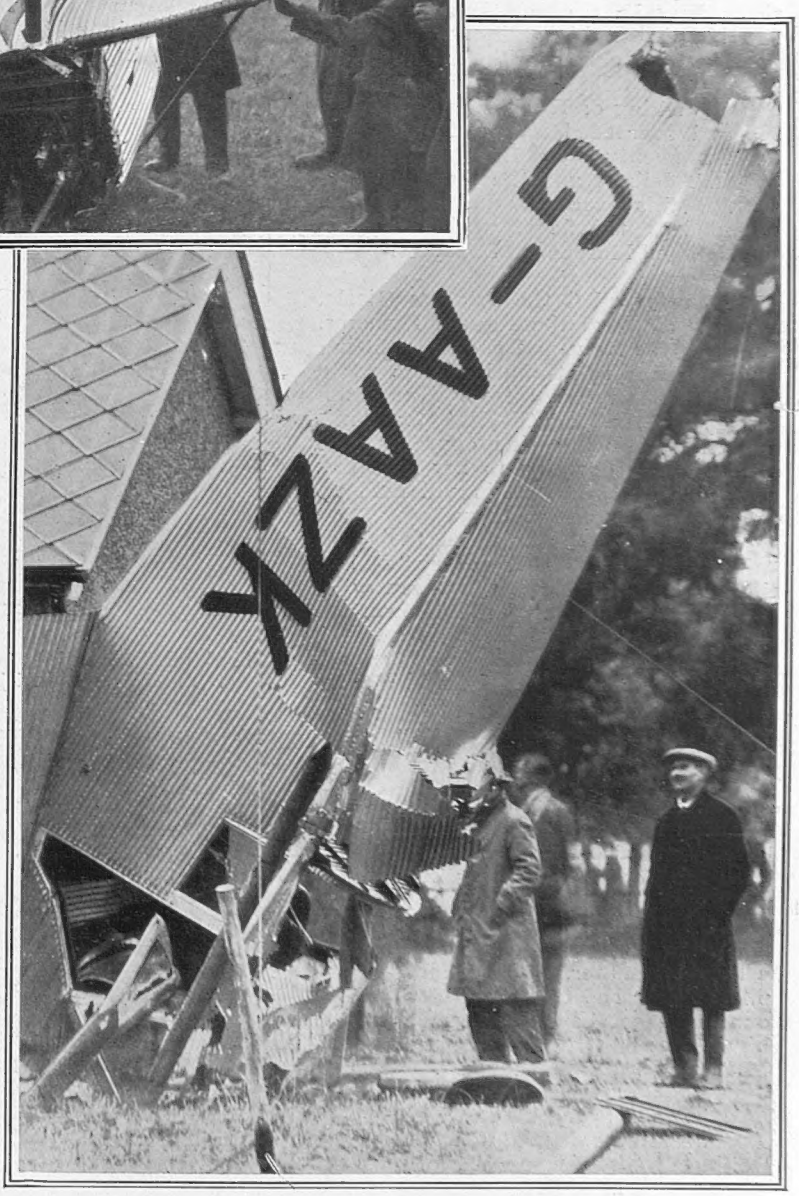
THE ENGINE: The engine of the machine was not so badly damaged as might have been expected

FOUR OF THE VICTIMS: *From left to right*—The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Sir Edward Simons Ward, Lieut.-Colonel G. L. P. Henderson who piloted the machine, and the assistant pilot, Mr. C. D. Shearing

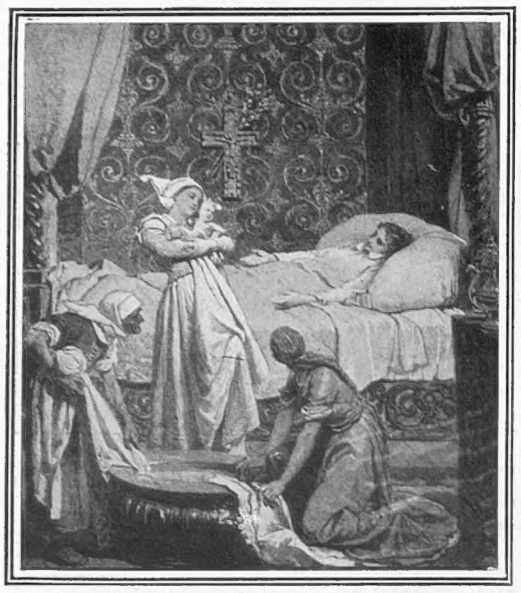
VISCOUNTESS EDNAM: The beautiful Society hostess, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Dudley, one of the victims of the crash

MRS. HENRIK LOEFFLER: The well-known hostess and sportswoman who was returning from Le Touquet





SMASHED, TWISTED, AND TORN: These two pictures and the one in the centre above show, terribly vividly, with what a terrific force the parts of the wrecked 'plane struck the earth. It broke in the air either through a propeller-blade breaking or a wing snapping off. Possibly this result followed the first mentioned. The wings were torn from the fuselage. One of them fell more than a mile away from the body, while the radiator and engine were found far apart, but, curiously enough, not very seriously damaged. The tail of the machine, seen in the centre photograph above, had snapped off, and the propeller-blades were gathered in, with other wreckage and pathetic personal effects of the victims, from a radius of two or three miles. The machine was a German Junker and of all-metal construction. It was completed in the spring of this year, so was virtually a new machine. She was employed in taxi air-service between Croydon and Le Touquet



THE BIRTH OF THE SAINT: The first of a famous series of pictures by Count Michael Zichy, showing the life of St. Emmeric

SCHOOLDAYS: The handsome young Emmeric, standing in belted tunic, is receiving instruction from an old priest

SAINT AND BISHOP: A meeting with the Bishop of Pécs, who encouraged Emmeric in his ideal of a holy life

The ST. EMMERIC FÊTES in HUNGARY

Celebrating the Nine-hundredth Anniversary of the Death of St. Emmeric, Budapest's Saintly Hero-prince

Budapest is *en fête* in honour of the 900th anniversary of the death of St. Emmeric, the canonized heir apparent of her canonized King Stephan. Although he is probably unknown to the great mass of the public, the transcendant reputation of this princely saint is such that his name is held in veneration throughout the whole Catholic world, and is constantly quoted throughout Hungary as the example which should animate the youth of the country.

He was a member of the Arpad Dynasty. His father, King Stephan, the first Christian king of Hungary, was born in 975 and succeeded to the throne when he was twenty-two. He was baptized by St. Adelbert and the picture representing this event, by M. Benczur, is regarded as the finest work of art in the National Museum in Budapest.

Stephan married the Princess Gisela, the sister of the German Emperor, Heinrich the Holy, and she was a fitting mate for her saint-like husband. She is constantly referred to in Hungarian history as "the Holy Gisela." She built and endowed many rich churches, and such was her devotion to her son that, after nine centuries, she is still held up as an example to all mothers.

King Stephan is revered to-day as "the Apostle King of Hungary" and as the symbol throughout that country of the sanctified union of the Crown, the Law, and Justice.

It was, therefore, in a home impregnated with the deepest principles of Christianity that Prince Emmeric was born in 1007, when his father was thirty-two years of age. He was an only child. His life and reputation have been an inspiration for many artists, who have pictured his career from birth to death. A beautiful picture of his birth by Count Michael Zichy, showing the infant lying in his nurse's arms, while his mother, smiling happily on her bed of pain, holds out her eager hands to receive him, is one of the glories of the Matthias Church in Budapest.

As he grew to youth's estate he was, in accordance with the fashion of the time, educated in all forms of manly exercise, and took part in the sports which formed part of the education of the aristocracy of the country. Just as he was highly endowed for physical prowess so was he endowed with mental gifts. His father selected for the boy's tutor and spiritual adviser the holy Benedictine monk Gerhardus of Venice, who was not only one of the most learned priests of his time but also distinguished for his statesmanlike qualities. As a reward this monk was later made Bishop of Csamad. No prince's education could have been more carefully or more thoroughly supervised than was that of Prince Emmeric.

Living in a home completely dominated by the teachings of the Saviour, Prince Emmeric grew up determined to lead a life of perfect chastity. On this subject he said to the nation, "My people, if you wish to endure let your youth be clean and chaste."

So completely was he dominated by this idea that when his father pointed out to him that not only did he desire to see his son "settled in life" as the saying is, but that the needs of the country also demanded the marriage of the heir apparent, and the Polish Princess Helene was selected as his consort, he consented to the wedding but, although he went through the ceremony, he felt so constrained to abide by the oath he had voluntarily taken, that the marriage remained a "white" one until his death.

That, unhappily, came when he was only twenty-four, and was the result of an accident when out boar-hunting.

THE DEATH-BED: St. Emmeric's last moments. His death was due to injuries inflicted by a wild boar

HONOURING THE SAINT TO-DAY: Some of the 30,000 pilgrims, mostly women, who gathered at the festival at Esztergom in honour of Emmeric's holy life

The chief ecclesiastical figure in to-day's honouring of the Prince, who was canonized in 1084, only fifty-three years after his death, is His Eminence Dr. Justinian Ceredi, the Cardinal Prince Primate of Hungary.

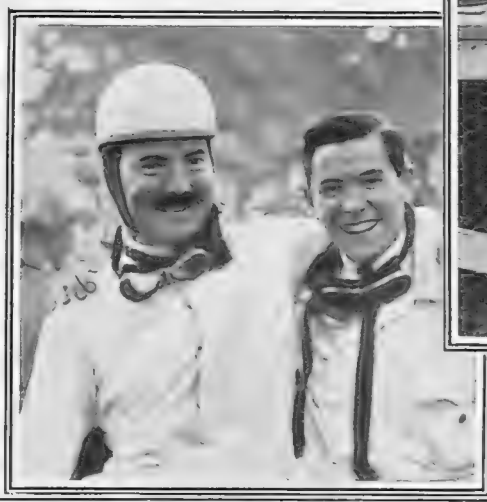
Not only the Pope and the Catholic peoples, but also the whole Hungarian nation to-day pay homage to the ideal picture of this Prince's purity of soul, while in Budapest various holidays have been instituted that his life may serve as an example to the nation, and that, as a distinguished writer has said, "the faith of the people may be deepened, the life of the family made holy, and the love of one's neighbour become so vital that the spirit of peace throughout the world may once more fill the soul of mankind."

Considered in this spirit, the celebration of St. Emmeric becomes not merely national but international in its scope, and in the honouring of a man who lived for peace, all Budapest is welcoming the representatives of the various nations who are visiting the city in his honour, and are animated with the hope of extending that spirit of brotherly love which makes the present festival one of peace. As this spirit goes broadening on it may help eventually in the evolution of that idea of banishing war which may be regarded as the little leaven which will in time leaven the warlike spirit of the world.

R. de C.

THE GREAT MOTOR RACE IN IRELAND

THE WINNERS: Earl Howe, Malcolm Campbell, and Caracciola, the Mercédès team who won the "team" prize by some of the finest driving ever seen



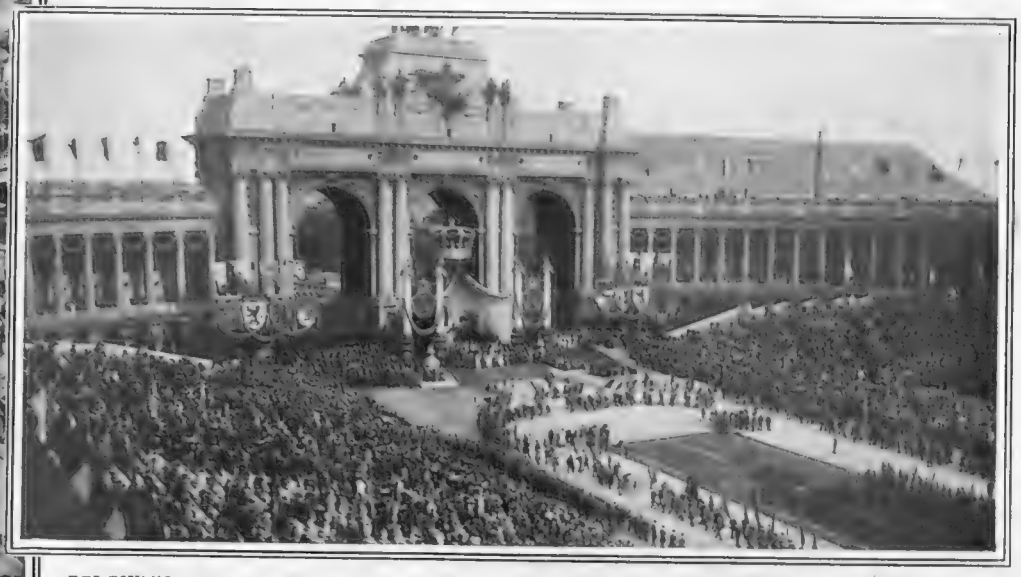
A BOUQUET FOR A WINNER: A floral tribute to Victor Gillow, who won the first race

LAST WORDS TO DRIVERS: Mr. K. Lee Guinness giving instructions to drivers just before the start. Nineteen of the fastest cars in the world took part in the seventy-lap race, which was one of the most exciting in the history of motoring. Caracciola once turned round five times in one prolonged skid

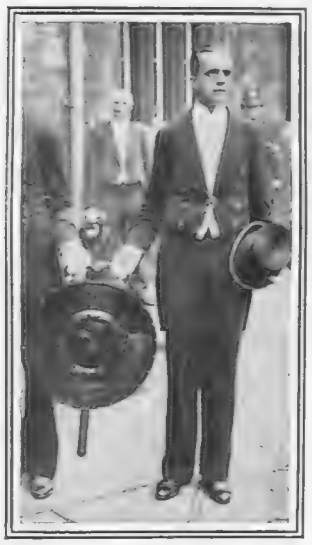
A PASSING SALUTE: Every time Caracciola, the winner, rounded Mountjoy Corner he corrected his skid with one hand while with the other he adjusted his cap and goggles; and his passenger punctiliously saluted, at each lap, an official stationed at this point. The happy pair above are Mr. Victor Gillow, who won the race for light cars with his 9-h.p. Riley—"the family 'bus"—and his mechanic

A LAST LOOK ROUND

HOCH! VON HINDENBURG: President von Hindenburg, on the first stage of his tour of the liberated Rhine Provinces, received an enthusiastic reception — in the picturesque old town of Speyer



BELGIUM'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY: Thousands of people assembled in the Parc du Cinquantinaire, Brussels, for a grand open-air celebration of the centenary of Belgian Independence which was acknowledged by the Allied Powers after the struggle of a hundred years ago. The celebrations included a grand march past in Brussels before the King and Queen, who, with little Princess Josephine and the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, shared in every way the rejoicings of their people



A TRIBUTE FROM VERDUN: The bronze Verdun shield which the Lord Mayor placed on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey

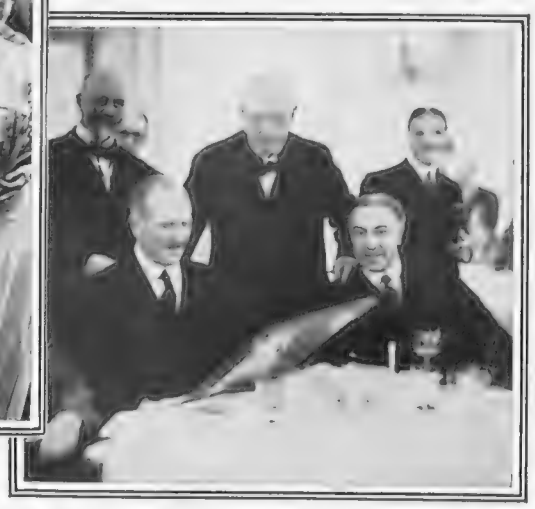
BORN IN THE SHOW: This tiny calf was born in the Yorkshire Agricultural Show at Hull

A CUP WINNER? Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, Shamrock V, under special rig, *en route* for America to compete for the America Cup

BELGIUM'S DAY: Lord and Lady Dunedin, arriving at the Belgian Embassy for the Belgian Independence Day celebrations.

FROM HARRIED EGYPT: An Egyptian delegate to the International Parliamentary Conference, on a visit to the House of Lords, appears in thoroughly Western garb

A BLACK WATCH WEDDING: Mr. Edward Orr-Ewing and Miss Jean Ferguson leaving Chichester Cathedral under swords



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' WORK FOR MOTORISTS: A Press presentation at the Savoy Hotel, to Major Stenson Cooke, who has successfully filled the post of Secretary of the Automobile Association for twenty-five years

AT THE WHEEL: Captain Heard, of Shamrock V, takes the wheel with a happy smile as Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht leaves England to compete for the America Cup

The passer-by now smiles at the old goose-step exercise as he watches it through the railings of the parad plaz

GERMANY'S G.O.M.

A Great Figure at a Critical Hour

By WILLIAM LEON SMYSER

Five years ago last month Generalfeldmarschall von Hindenburg took his oath as President of the German Republic. He succeeded Ebert, a civilian and a Socialist. He himself was a soldier and a monarchist. It is not to be wondered that Germany's late enemies regarded the transfer of office with misgivings. A coalition of parties from the Right had nominated and elected the aged General. Fourteen and a half million voices had declared for him.

While undoubtedly it was a matter of congratulation that the menace of revolution which had hovered for seven years over the Reich should thus be disposed of with finality, it was not altogether reassuring to see that the representative of Conservatism now elected should not only be a *standpatter* but a reactionary. It was too much to expect the late Commander of the Imperial Armies to sympathize very strongly with republicanism and democracy. It was too much to expect an officer who had engaged in the 1866 campaign and seen Prussia assure for herself the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, and who had engaged in the War of 1870 and seen a German Emperor crowned monarch of a Reich which included the ancient Teutonic provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, to abide by the dismemberment of Versailles. Hindenburg was known to resent the situation of East Prussia. As a militarist his attitude toward Germany's disarmament might well be imagined. His advent was taken as ominous.

Five years after his reappearance, however, one must admit that the pessimists were wrong. Former General von Hindenburg has not been a sword rattler. It is significant that the first months of his administration were dignified with the Stresemann - Briand - Chamberlain Pact of Locarno, and that the year saw Germany's entrance into the League of Nations. Hindenburg's administration has been dominated by the spirit of Locarno and Geneva rather than by that of Versailles—whether it be the Versailles of vainglorious Germany in 1871 or the Versailles of vindictive France in 1919.

The animosities of the peace treaties have been minimized by this old soldier. Personally he has not changed; he is still a Junker, a man of the Prussian Army code, reserved, austere, self-disciplined. But the energy which he threw into war during his engagements at Sadowa, at Sedan, and at Tannenburg he has known how to throw into peace. As Generalfeldmarschall he has chosen Ludendorff as his counsellor. As President he chose Stresemann. In the contrast between Ludendorff and Stresemann one may see the contrast between the Hindenburg of pre-Republican days and the Hindenburg of to-day.

On one of the walls in the executive rooms of the Deutschnational Volkspartei there hangs a painting of the two War leaders of the Western Front, which bring into high relief their essential characteristics. Both are in uniform. Between them lies a map with the familiar little pins and markings to indicate positions. Ludendorff is leaning over, studying anxiously, his monocle to his eye, his lips compressed, his striking profile darkened. He is the personification of dynamic, self-willed intelligence. Hindenburg, the older man, is heavier, slower, apparently less energetic. Yet it is he who dominates the little tableau. He is leaning back in his chair, his eyes no longer on the map, but instead raised to the face of his associate in command. He has the air of one who has outlined his policy, found it good, and now sits back to await the other man's inevitable approval. Were the map a chess-board one might expect to find the picture labelled "Mate."

General von Hindenburg has once more sprung into the limelight of European contemporary history. He is emphatically Germany's Grand Old Man

Ludendorff and Hindenburg played the game of war together to the end. They were bound by a common command and by a common responsibility, and in the last days of 1918 the fate of the country rested in their hands. With the abdication of the Kaiser, however, their rôles diverged. Hindenburg, who had been in retirement from active service long before the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, retired again to his farm in Hanover. His last act as a commander was perhaps his greatest. He led home the disheartened troops without allowing them to break ranks and maraud, without allowing the colours to droop or the fanfares to be silent. From the day of the Armistice his chief preoccupation was with the morale, and his first task upon establishing himself once more in civil life in Hanover was to write a sort of *apologia*, the *Aus Meinem Leben*, in which he exhorts his countrymen not to despair, not to forget that bright days must follow dark, and above all not to let the tools of peace fall. He closes with an appeal to the young men of Germany. When he laid by the pen after having finished this book he must have felt that his life's work was done.

Herr Otto Bruning, the Chancellor of the Reichstag, was himself appointed by General von Hindenburg, largely as a solution of a temporary deadlock

Ludendorff, on the other hand, threw himself into politics with all the verve that he had hitherto shown in war. He combated the Treaty of Versailles; he combated the revolutionary parties of the Left. In this he was undoubtedly carrying out in action ideas which Paul von Hindenburg must tacitly have shared; yet as the years passed his exaggerated Nationalism began to bring rebuff instead of success. He continued a policy of excess when moderation was in order. He became a die-hard when reconstruction could be accomplished only by men of compromise.

Thus it was that gradually Ludendorff's policy drifted away from that of Hindenburg. By the time that the latter was called upon to accept the responsibilities of the first office of the land the two men were no longer one in principle. Hindenburg had already, by accepting election, accepted the existing Government of Germany.

Stresemann, whom he found in office as Foreign Minister, had already gone through a process of evolution which was to be typical of the educated German in the decade from 1919 to 1929. From having been a rabid annexationist and jingo he turned with the defeat, the treaty, and the gradual realization of new, vastly diminished fortunes, to become at first a stubborn opponent of all concession, and then—faced with the occupation of the Rhineland and the debacle of the mark—an exponent of *Realpolitik*, a facer of realities. Met halfway by England he proposed some adjustment of the Rhine imbroglio at a time when only war or destitution seemed the alternative. He was aided by the fall of Conservatism in France, and by the new regime of Briand and Herriot. By the end of 1925 the representatives of industrial Germany had fallen into a line of conciliation and co-operation behind Stresemann. Ludendorff, Hitler, and Hugenberg were calling the exponents of this policy traitors. The new President had to choose among them. He chose Stresemann.

The issue which was thus outlined at the very moment of Hindenburg's accession to office has continued throughout his first five years as President. At heart he is a monarchist and a soldier.

Paul von Hindenburg, from being merely a great military leader is gradually becoming a great national figure and spokesman. He seems to wish to fit into his new rôle. His palace is one of the simple, retiring buildings of the Wilhelmstrasse, with only two soldiers posted inconspicuously in front as a guard of honour. The changing of this guard is not at all so striking a ceremony as that at Buckingham Palace, or even so pronounced as that of the Élysées, yet I recently witnessed a scene in connection with it which expressed more succinctly than any words just who far Hindenburg and his people have evolved away from earlier states of mind.

I was leaving the palace, when on the very threshold I was forced to halt. The small courtyard had been invaded suddenly by a squad of men, eight or nine in all, who were falling into line directly in my path. Apparently the watch had just been relieved.

I lingered to watch them because I had heard that they offered one of the few post-War opportunities to observe the goose-step, that most debated and amazing of smart military paces.

It was just after noon, the hour when the Berlin streets are busiest, and when not only the business houses but also the schools are pouring forth their inmates for the midday pause. There is always a curious throng looking in at the President's court from the Wilhelmstrasse. Apparently these people thought they were at last going to see something. . . .

"Huuruump!" came from the officer in charge.

The eight grey men brought their heels together briskly and stood at attention.

"Hump, Hump, Huuruump!"

They were off.

Crash, crash, crash. . . . It was the famous goose-step.

It was especially loud and unexpectedly impressive in this partially enclosed court on this gravel bedding. Those eight men made the noise of fifty.

It was more than the usually decorous Berlin crowd could stand. A shrill crescendo of laughter greeted the manœuvre. As I hurried through the iron gates after the little troop and turned down the Wilhelmstrasse with the crowd it was to see one student after another trying to outdo his fellow in caricaturing the steps which their fathers must have held holy. And their elders there beside them, their professors, the mature passers-by did not look upon them with shocked surprise. They smiled and seemed to share in the joke.

Suddenly the significance of the moment struck me. Germany, the Kaiser gone and the army no longer in the saddle has awakened from the worshipful trance into which Frederick the Great first plunged her. The present generation has passed from beneath the spell of militarism.

THE FINAL WORD IN INDIA

The Position of the British Army as the Simon Commission Sees It

By Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

(Quartermaster-General in India, 1920–24)

When the Montford Reforms were hurried through both Houses of Parliament, at a time when men's minds were too numb at the end of the World War to think clearly, there remained three great matters that obviously required more thought. These were the question of British paramountcy at the centre of the great edifice built by British energy from the Mogul ruins, the intertwinement of the 600 Ruling Princes, and the defence of India with its Imperial garrison. Now the presence of the British in India, and the marvellous success of their work, presents such an anomaly that the attempt to make it logical could not bring down the edifice on our shoulders, as the clever young *entrepreneurs* have found. These three great matters, these lacunæ in the Montford train of reasoning, have been dealt with in no hesitating fashion by the Simon Commission. The problems and the inherent facts that cannot be burked are stated for all the world to read in Part I, and the remedy is sufficiently indicated in Part II. The matters of the Federal Government and the Ruling Princes have already been referred to. The third squaring of the circle, the proposals for the Defence of India, and of the Army in India, merit more discussion in detail as dealing with a matter so intimately connected with the daily problem. Let us enumerate the main points governing the subject which the Simon Report has, let us hope, now graven on the tablets of time.

They are briefly as follows :

(1) The question of the control of the British Army and the officers of the Indian Army lies as a bar sinister across any plans for a further development of self-government, until readjusted.

(2) India must be protected from external enemies and against her own internal follies, and only British troops can do it.

(3) However desirable progress in the Indianization of the officer-cadre may be it must be slow and uncertain in value, and at present it is the British officer-cadre which alone makes the army sufficient for its purpose.

(4) Far more important and cardinal as compared with any measures of Indianization is the necessity for the army and the Indian units being efficient for their purpose.

(5) The defence of India, whose frontier either marches with or is adjacent to those of world-Powers. can never be of local but must always be of imperial import, both in a political and a military sense.

With these oft-forgotten maxims and axioms chained as it were to the table, the Simon Commission makes its report and recommendation, and it is to be noticed that this statesman-like pronouncement kills several birds with the same stone. Those who have been conversant with the Indian military problems for some years know well the lesser as well as the greater birds that have fluttered about that bird-cage waiting for someone strong enough of heart to slay them. They include such matters as the relationship of the Imperial General Staff to the General Staff in India, the question of the Army Member or War Minister, who since Lord Kitchener's forceful days have been one and the same, the basic question of who was the true master of the British officer in the Indian army, His Majesty or the Babu Shabu, the relationship of the Gurkha force to the same hierarchy, how far Members of the Indian Parliament from the more timid classes could be allowed to go and ask the Mahsud Waziri to be nicer in future and the like. Some of these questions have never been in the public eye, but are none the less recurrent and important. An equally urgent matter was the true position of the old Indian Volunteer Force, since the War known as the Auxiliary Force, and that strangeness born as a freak in days of disarmament, the Indian Territorial Force.

The Simon Report lays down calmly and without fuss that the maior defence of India is an Imperial matter, and that for many years India must be garrisoned and defended by an Imperial force under Imperial control, supplemented by such military contingents as the members of a federalized India may from time to time agree to maintain.

The head of the Imperial garrison shall be the Viceroy as representing the Crown, controlling the Army as now through his commander-in-chief, but no longer shall that commander-in-chief be controlled by himself as Army member with a civil secretariat watching on behalf of the Government of India. The Viceroy will control on behalf of His Majesty, and the commander-in-chief on behalf of the Viceroy and the War Office. The restless phœnix that loomed so over Lord Rawlinson, the question of a war minister, is killed at once. A defence minister there must be, but on a less important plane and with a simpler machine. The shade of Lord Kitchener and the memory of Lord Curzon and his war minister are all appeased and placated by the proposal. Almost all the loose ends are gathered up. In the Imperial Indian Army Indianization can go forward controlled by the military authorities certain that advancement for the young Indians will go on merit and be prompted by goodwill and camaraderie and will not be tied to some supposed need for the placation of Indian opinion regardless of facts.

The inception from time to time of provincial military contingents presents no real difficulty though it has inherent intricacies. For some extraordinary reason, when India had not a penny to spare for her immediate military reconstruction, to please Lord Esher and to placate what was really a non-existent Indian opinion, a Territorial Force was initiated, no one knows what for. The British officer, however, has made a success of it as might be expected, and merely turned into a useful though unwanted Militia the residue of the military classes who do not enlist into the Army.

THE DANDY WALLAH: One of the sturdy native policemen of Bangalore ready for any trouble

This force can easily be made into the provincial contingents, and it might even appear that the eight Indianized corps might be used as a useful model and spearhead in such contingents. The forces of the Ruling Princes, until recently known as the Imperial Service troops, also take their place in such a federalized provenance. Such a system once set upon its legs would have many ways of development, all acceptable to the opinion of wiser Indians.

It is to be realized that the proposed arrangement in many ways but stabilizes into a logical position, *vis-a-vis* an advancing India, the present situation. The Army in India to-day is the Army of the Crown, and all allegiance is to the Crown. The possibility of another allegiance has always been the difficulty, hidden under such phrases as King's Commissions, Viceroy's Commissions, the Indian Army Act, and the like. How to stabilize it without clashing with any form of development and Federalization has always been the problem ahead, though never put so bravely and frankly into words as in the Simon Commission's Report. It has been remarked that recruitment will present some anomaly, but a little deeper thought should show that this need not be. Foreign enlistments of course present no problems, Gurkhas, Afghans, Hazaras, and the like; while a very little adjustment to the present Indian Army Act, which the legal authorities could draft in an afternoon, and which the governor-generals' powers can always protect, would put matters in order.

The Indian military classes will be only too eager to have this position made clear before them, and the position of the cantonments throughout India are already sufficiently secure as an all-India enclave to present no difficulties. The reformed status of the bazaars and non-military residents as prescribed in the Acts of a few years ago meet any difficulties which under older Acts might have appeared. In fact the more the proposition is examined in detail the more evident is it that the proposal deals far more with the question of logical development than that of existing conditions.

It is no bad thing when great changes of ideas and presentment of facts are before us to see what grandfather thought and why. Interpreting grandfather as the Honourable East India Company we see that the idea of a federalized India, that of the Imperial garrison, and of federal contingents ran through the whole of the system of Government, and in army matters held in many ways till the 'nineties, when the clever young officer began to revise without quite knowing why and what he should aim at. The Imperial garrison of Queen's troops alone was an all-India service controlled by the Commander-in-Chief in Bengal as over-riding chief in India. Each of the three Great Governments had their three armies, raised by themselves from as far as possible their own material, and contributing therefrom agreed on contingents to the call of the Federal or Central Government. Barracks departments, recruitings, etc., were managed locally, though so far back as the beginning of the nineteenth century, establishments, dress, and equipment were controlled by central regulations issued by the company. The difficulty of European troops was even recognized by the enlistment of Europeans as servants of the Indian Government, specially among other things designed to take the neutral part in all communal quarrels which the Simon Report tells us they alone can do to-day.

The Queen's troops were an extra Imperial Garrison in addition to the invaluable Company's European force. When the Government of the Punjab appeared on the scene it, too, was allowed its own provincial force, while on all sides local forces of lesser efficiency and development were allowed for local military service exactly as the Report adumbrates. We have to-day an illustration of this in the spectacle of the very efficient so-called military police force still necessary in Burma. In fact, all the problems of to-day have existed in the past and often been met by more logical and more farseeing arrangements than have prompted the intense centralization of modern times.

While, however, we discuss the Simon Report we cannot forget that a good deal has happened since it was written. Its careful thought for India's successful future must be injured by the extraordinary ebullition of sour and childish hysteria that has occurred. Where we had a right to look for good will and assistance we have experienced hatred engineered by a small clique. Where we had a right to look for enthusiasm and co-operation we have but met with ill-will. It is conceivable that, given the situation, John Bull may insist on stopping the clock for a while and not permitting the advancement recommended by the Commission to go forward at all in such an atmosphere. Those who might be misled by a talk of lukewarmness over the Report in official and reasonable Indian circles will do well to remember that the Commission was composed of some of the most able brains in all the British parties in both Houses of Parliament, and was assisted by the most prominent Indians in every province. That being so it is not too much to ask that it be regarded as the last word on the subject for some little time.

THE STATE OF INDIA: Special "Sphere" Pictures (I)

Our Correspondent Sees Bombay Seething with Students and Rioters

UMBRELLAS FOR THE POLICE! The police who had the task of stopping prohibited meetings during the recent Bombay riots carried out their work under extra difficult conditions due to the heavy monsoon rains. They had to carry umbrellas, as this picture shows, as well as the long sticks—"lathi"—which are their only aids in keeping order

A DAMPER FOR HOT-HEADS: Even the first monsoon rains which began to descend at such a fortunate moment, for Government could not altogether damp the patience of thousands of natives who, with their "brollies," waited outside the Congress House for a sight of Pandit Motilal Nehru, the Acting President of the National Congress. And the umbrellas proved useful as weapons of attack and defence when the rioters came into collision with the police, though the latter had more useful weapons in their long sticks. Anyway, the police were told to throw away their "brollies" when the trouble began and rely on their cudgel play

These pictures from a special correspondent of *The Sphere* illustrate very vividly the serious riots which broke out in Bombay at the end of June, a sequel to the Civil Disobedience movement fostered by Gandhi and his followers. The campaign of "non-violence" carried on for some time by the seditious members of the Congress, a campaign which included the picketing of shops selling British goods and the molestation of their customers, turned to violence when the Congress volunteers openly defied an order prohibiting a rally on the Maidan for inspection by Pandit Motilal Nehru, the President of the Congress and the firebrand of the movement. This open defiance, the growing disorder caused by the pickets, and demonstrations against Europeans, called for repressive measures from authorities who had showed

(Continued on following page)

THE STATE OF INDIA: Serious St

The prison district where the rioters were confined. It was necessary to shut off this district from the rest of Bombay by a strong barrier of barbed wire. In these compounds the rioters, to juage from the dejected expressions of some of them, had time to cool down and realize the error of their ways. Their friends come up to the barbed wire and converse with them daily

STUDENTS OF REBELLION: Girl students applaud the revolutionary sentiments of Pandit Motilal Nehru, the President of the Congress

Above—*Nehru, the President of the Congress,* woman journalist. Below — *Some of the gate*

(Continued from preceding page)

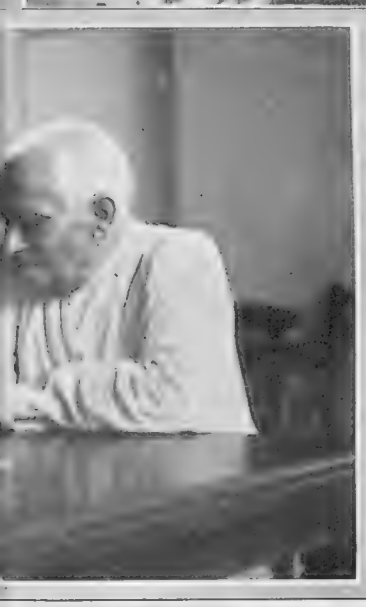
themselves very patient. A general mêlée broke out when the police stopped the volunteers from assembling, and extended rapidly. The police had to charge the rioters, who resisted strongly, and there were inevitably many casualties from the policemen's "lathis" though none of them was reported as very serious. The difficulties of the police were increased by the large number of women among the demonstrators. Their leader, requested by the police to withdraw her supporters, refused to do so, and the women persisted in thrusting themselves again and again into the mêlée. Some of them even tried to make a protective cordon round a group of rioters which the police were trying to break up, and naturally were injured in doing so.

Although they were repeatedly warned of the danger of resistance they declared, with the courage of fanatics, that they did not care if they were

dent Rioting in Bombay.

Special "Sphere" Series of Pictures (I) Taken During the Period of Disturbance, June 22—29

As more and more of the rioters were arrested the gaols became full, and when the prison accommodation gave out the authorities had to establish strong concentration camps a few miles outside Bombay. In order to lessen the chance of escape, and the number of men necessary to guard the rioters, these camps were surrounded with electrified barbed wire. Inset is A. S. Ekamber Iver, the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian National Congress Volunteers, wearing rosette



FEMALE BODYGUARDS: The women helped by making themselves bodyguards for members of the Congress and trying to save them from arrest by the police

taining the aims of the Congress to a French demonstrators are seen taking refuge behind private houses

trampled down or beaten. Meanwhile, the rioters whom they were trying to protect were singing defiant songs. Even the police charges of other groups of rioters along the Maidan could not make them realize the danger—or else they believed that the police would not carry out their threats. More than five hundred were injured altogether on both sides, and when the police—with the military standing by in readiness to help if necessary—had got the upper hand of the rioters, the hospitals had a very busy time. The more lightly injured of the rioters, and those who had escaped injury but not arrest, had to be put into barbed-wire compounds to prevent further disturbances. This is only a first selection of the photographs from our correspondent. A number of others, showing equally graphic incidents in the affair, will appear next week.

SEEING the BRITISH NAVY at WORK.

THE GATEWAY OF EMPIRE: This is the new name of Portsmouth's old Lion Gate, which has been incorporated in an up-to-date reconstruction of the old sally-port

PORTSMOUTH'S SALLY-PORT

A New Feature of the Great Dockyard

Which will be Witnessed for the First Time by Thousands during Navy Week

By C. H. R. COCUP, Chaplain R.N.

It was a fine touch of imagination and a sense of historic fitness which led the naval authorities to incorporate into the new semaphore tower in Portsmouth Dockyard the old Lion Gate of Portsmouth Town. It is indeed a symbolic building for it is Portsmouth's new sally-port, in fact it is the gateway of the empire, leading to the south railway jetty, from which depart to the ends of the earth, by way of our high road, the sea, all the bigger ships of the Royal Navy. From now onwards, coming and departing guests, our Royal embassies and serving sailors, will pass to and fro through an archway which is an historic link with the past, telling a story made eloquent by the worn and withered masonry composing the gateway.

The new structure is the successor of the old Rigging House and Sail Loft, which was built between 1778 and 1780. That building consisted of a sail loft and a rigging loft, and also a semaphore tower which stood in exactly the same position as the new building, which is rather larger in proportion to its predecessor.

Seventeen years have passed since the old building was burned down and the present structure has been two years under construction. The old building was erected on firm foundations. The foundations have served for the new building and also bear yet another storey. It will be used for a variety of purposes other than that of signal station for the port and for the ships in the harbour and at Spithead, and among these purposes will be that of a store; as a rigging house and as an adjustment and repair depot.

The new building will not only be one of the features of the Dockyard, but owing to its height and size, it will also be a landmark for ships making their homeward journey from the seven seas.

The old Lion Gate, now to be known as the Gateway of the Empire, stood at one time as one of the gates of the fortified city of Portsmouth when she was entirely encircled by walls. When the ramparts were taken down it also was removed, and re-erected in the old Anglesea Barracks but when the latter made way for the present barracks it was again demolished. Subsequently it was offered to the Corporation, but it was not accepted, and the parts were marked and preserved.

It is particularly appropriate that it should take its present position, for it is contemporary with the first Semaphore Tower, from which, it is amazing to recall in these days of wireless, it was possible to get signals through to the Admiralty and to Greenwich in less than a minute under the visual signal system.

The stones which the builders refused have become the head-stones of the building. The top of the tower commands a magnificent view of the whole of the harbour, the Solent, the Isle of Wight, and Spithead in the east, and a glimpse of Southampton Water in the west. There are nine storeys in the tower, which is 126 feet high compared with the 108 feet of the old tower. It will be used for visual and wireless signals and it is crowned with the steel mast which belonged to the German Cruiser *Nürnberg*, which surrendered to the Grand Fleet off May Island on November 21, 1918.

There is no doubt that the tower and gateway and mast will be one of the great points of interest to the Navy's guests during Navy Week, which is taking place this year from August 2 to 9.

READY FOR ANOTHER "DAY": Gun practice with one of the 6-in. guns of H.M.S. *Champion*

THE MASTER GUNNER

and his Varied Duties

Many of which will be Seen in Action during Navy Week

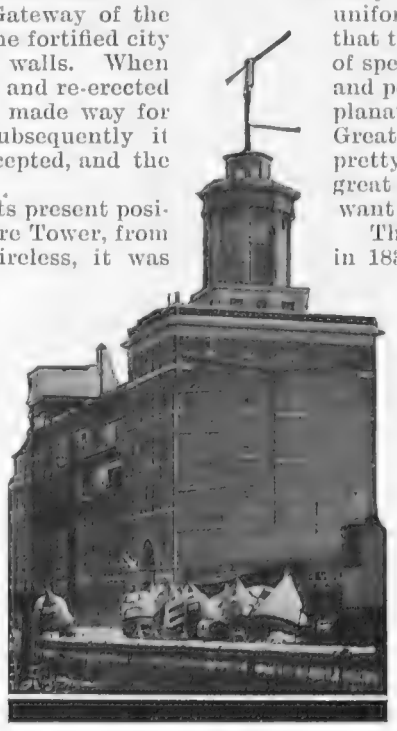
By a Special Correspondent at Portsmouth

It is upon record that the pay of a Master Gunner, 1512, amounted to 10s. per month of 28 days.

The Master Gunner was the executive officer responsible for the training of the men and the service of the guns. The rank of lieutenant was not introduced until 1631, and 200 years elapsed before lieutenants qualified in gunnery and superseded the old Master Gunners. The gunner was also in charge of the gun-room where the junior officers messed, and even to this day they have always been responsible for the ammunition and gunnery stores in a ship.

A very famous gunner was Mr. Richard Leake, who served in his father's ship in the time of Cromwell. Later he deserted and joined the Royalists as a volunteer. At the end of the war he entered the Dutch artillery service in Holland. At the Restoration he returned to England and became a gunner in the Royal Navy. He it was who during an action against the Dutch in 1673 saved his ship, the *Royal Prince*, from capture by the enemy. She had been dismasted and badly knocked about, her captain and 400 men killed, and most of her upper-deck guns disabled. The lieutenant, giving up all for lost, was about to surrender to a large Dutchman which was bearing down upon her. Mr. Leake, however, assumed command—the lieutenant quitting the deck—and inspired the survivors with such enthusiasm that in a short time two fire-ships were sunk and the Dutchman forced to sheer off. The intrepid gunner had his vessel towed out of gun-shot, rigged her with jury masts, and brought her safely into port. For these and other services he was appointed Keeper of the Ordnance and Master Gunner of all England.

Since the earliest times the gunner has received his warrant from the Admiralty direct. It was in 1787 that the warrant officers' uniform was first prescribed, but it was not until 1830 that the Gunnery School was first founded, with the object of specially ensuring that all gunners learn "one general and perfect system of gunnery, and that they give the explanations and words of command found in the book on the Great Gun Exercise." Previously it appears to have been pretty much "go as you please," and even the sights of great guns rendered next to useless in many ships for the want of some ably-instructed person to explain them.



The Gunnery School was started in H.M.S. *Excellent* in 1830. She was in what was then termed "Ordinary," that is to say, in Reserve and uncommissioned. The H.M.S. *Excellent* is retained to this day by the Gunnery School at Whale Island, Portsmouth.

Gunners remain warrant officers, but the gunnery experts of the Fleet are commissioned officers of various ranks, depending upon the class of ship in which they are serving.

They are very highly-qualified officers, theoretically, technically, and practically. They are all of the executive branch of the Navy, and do their training partly at Whale Island, partly at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and partly at sea. The courses of instruction vary in length, depending upon the qualifications of the officers themselves.

Modern gunnery and deep-sea diving displays will be given in Navy Week. The price of admission to the Dockyard is 1s., and all proceeds are devoted to Naval and Marine charities.

THE MASTER GUNNER: His Work Among the Sons o' Guns

THE MASTER GUNNER AT WORK: H.M.S. *Malaya* firing her 15-in. guns during the firing and speed trials of the Atlantic Fleet in the Moray Firth. The guns in the foreground are those of H.M.S. *Barham*

A SHELL-VOMITING PORCUPINE: One of the three triple turrets of 16-in. guns on H.M.S. *Nelson*, a battleship of the Atlantic Fleet. *Above*—Gun-drill in gas masks on H.M.S. *Champion*

These may be the piping days of peace, but the Navy is always ready. The Great War showed something of the devastating effect of the battleship's big guns. Now guns are bigger and of greater range than ever. Recent firing and speed trials of the Atlantic Fleet showed something of the capabilities of these big guns, though the silent Navy is as incommunicative as ever about their effect. But with memories of naval engagements in the Great War even the landsman can imagine the effects of a broadside from the nine 16-inch guns of the Nelson. *The work of the master gunner is explained in an interesting article on the opposite page.*

TASTING AND TESTING: Japan keeps an eye on the problem of food values. The Home Minister and his wife, and the wives of Cabinet Ministers, taking a meal specially prepared by the Tokio Dietetic Laboratory

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

By Lady DRUMMOND-HAY

TO THE MOON FOR £10,000.—Ten thousand pounds "to send a Rocket to the Moon with persons inside" does not sound exorbitant for such an epochal scientific experiment. Much of the romantic fantasy of Rocket Transport has been swept from my imagination lately. During the recent Zeppelin South American Flight the Infante Alfonso, cousin of the King of Spain, and Colonel Emilio Herrera, both Zeppelin passengers, incessantly discussed Rocket Transport as an everyday feasible proposition. One of the first letters I opened upon my arrival in London was a business-like communcation from the "Verein fur Raumschiffahrt"—Society for Space-travelling—suggesting that I interest some newspaper group in rocket flights to the "Moon, and probably Mars later." This "monopoly could also include the pictures." Nothing sensational about the mutual conditions and terms. It might have been the offer of a monopoly for a transatlantic flight, Polar expedition, or jungle exploration enterprise. These gentlemen are inspired by Professor Oberth, author of the *Ways of Space-travelling*, and claim that their preparatory work has advanced so far that £1,000 will launch the first big rocket.

Rocket-travel advocates appear dangerously sane in this Age, when the dream of one decade becomes reality in the next. The Infante Alfonso declared to me several times that he is only waiting for the Rocket, and Germans together in a *Verein* generally accomplish something.

Rocket transport lost a valuable pioneer with the death three months ago of Herr Max Valier, young Austran ex-Army aviator and astronomer. Herr Valier frequently declared that he and the late Major Segrave working together could easily achieve 300 miles an hour. Names which rocket-propelled posterity will doubtless honour as does this air-minded generation honour the Wright Brothers include Professor Hermann Oberth, now experimenting with a model rocket which he expects to reach the height of 100 kilometres, or 72½ miles, this summer. John Q. Stewart, associate professor of astronomical physics of Princetown University, in May declared that "During the past 100 years vehicular speed has increased every year by about 2 per cent. Indications are that a speed of 1,000 miles an hour will be reached in 1950, and that speeds of more than 25,000 miles an hour will be available by 2,030."

M. Robert Esnault-Pelterie, famous French scientist, claims that "quite soon" it will be possible to "rocket" from Paris to New York in twenty-four minutes, and to travel round the world in an hour and a half. He is not so modest as the German "Space travellers" in his estimate of the cost of an initial trip to the Moon. "Before we discover the Moon," M. Esnault-Pelterie says, "we have to discover a millionaire willing to spend about £400,000 on the expedition."

Mr. Walter B. Bevan, wealthy New York rocket amateur, and Herr Robert Krask, German student of inter-planetary communication, are friendly rivals in a rocket race to the Moon—both eager to start this summer. Mr. Jim Sorgi of Kent, Ohio, modestly says he will be satisfied to reach either the Moon or Mars with the Rocket he is building in all secrecy, planning to start from Lake Brady. Meanwhile Herr Kurt C. Volkhart has actually driven a car propelled by a rocket, achieving 200 miles an hour in Berlin.

So far it is claimed that eighty-seven persons have applied for permission to accompany the pioneer Rocket trip to the Moon. Twenty are women.

MUSSOLINI'S FORESTS.—The "Triumphal Arches" of Mussolini promise to be the new "Mussolini Forests" which he has ordered to be planted, and whose roots are being made fast in tree-denuded mountain-sides, hill-slopes, and barren sections of Italy.

Looking over this country, Mussolini found that one of the obstacles to the national aspiration of a self-sustaining Italy was a lack of timber for building, for manufacture, and for fuel. "Let there be trees," the Duce commanded. And trees there are.

Mussolini is re-afforesting Italy. That is but one of the many gigantic tasks set for himself by this human dynamo. He began his campaign for planting trees in 1926. It was militarily organized. The Milizia Nazionale Forestale, the National Forestry Militia, was formed. A young General—General Augusto Agostini—was placed in command of the tree-planting. Few Generals have had a more unique assignment—to make grow, not to kill or destroy. Dr. Amerigo Hoffmann, an Italian of Austrian extraction, many years Professor of Forestry in Tokio, was made Director of State Forests and Console della Milizia Nazionale Forestale. He is the forestry scientist responsible for the supervision of all the forests from the Alps to Sicily.

Forestry schools were organized, "tree farms" inaugurated in various sections, with thousands of baby trees. In 1928 Mussolini's Forestry Militia planted 55,000,000 trees and plants, and put over 1,000,000 lb. of forestry seeds into the ground.

Aside from that work done by the Forestry Militia, 25,000,000 baby trees and plants, and over 40,000 lb. of seed were distributed to private people for planting and sowing.

In 1929 the forestry work cost 30,000,000 lire. The entire cost of re-afforesting Italy as desired by Mussolini is estimated at 180,000,000 to 200,000,000 lire. In many sections, the antipathy to forests of local inhabitants, who want the ground as feeding places for their sheep and goats, has to be overcome. Since the organization of the Forestry Militia forest fires, it is claimed, have decreased 40 per cent.

Mussolini is trying to inculcate a love for trees into the Italian people. An extensive campaign of propaganda, showing the benefits that Italy will derive in the future from re-afforesting, has been set on foot. At Ravello there is a beautiful avenue of trees, where each tree has been planted in memory of a son, brother, or father killed in the War. A shield on each tree gives the name of him for whom it is a living monument. A beautiful idea.

Another constructive project of which one hears little is Mussolini's gigantic reclamation and irrigation works. The recently-completed Acquedotto Pugliese is a vast network of canals 960 miles in length.

Recently in Rome I was received by the Duce. I found twenty-six hats and coats in the waiting-room.

"I was having a 'Rice Conference,'" he explained to me. "I want rice planted in the low, swampy areas where there is water, so that our people will eat more rice and less spaghetti, thereby reducing importation of wheat flour necessary for making spaghetti."

England needs a man of his constructive thought and dynamic energy, not necessarily of his political beliefs.

WANTED — A MODERN MOSES.—The land of the Pharaohs is again in the turmoil of political conflict. It is the old, old story in the Valley of the Nile. Differences between King and people.

The Sphinx, smiling enigmatically down through the ages, has never answered a question, but often has asked one that Time alone could answer. Now she is putting a hard one to Mr. MacDonald's Labour Government. It is—

Are you for King or Constitution?

Premier MacDonald and Foreign Secretary Henderson have not answered the question. They do not want to answer it. They hope that circumstances and developments in Egypt will not compel them.

Both King and Constitution were given Egypt by a well-wishing Britain. Britain severed Egypt's bonds of vassalage to Turkey, enthroned Fouad I, and more or less imposed upon him the Egyptian Constitution, laying the foundation of a constitutional régime and granting certain rights and liberties to the Egyptian people.

King Fouad and Constitution have been repeatedly in conflict.

In its present form the Constitution was never to the King's liking, or—as he conceives them to be—in the best interests of Egypt. His efforts for modification were unavailing. Parliament, in which one party, the Wafdist, has absolute sway, is clinging tenaciously to the rights and powers vested in it by the Constitution. These powers, modelled after those of the constitutional systems in the Western world, are in nowise extraordinary in scope. They did, however, open avenues for abuse of power, when applied in an Oriental country where the masses are illiterate, and political leaders have not yet learned to subordinate personal interests to national good.

Several times since 1922 King Fouad has dissolved or prorogued Parliament when conflict between the two became acute. In 1928 he suspended the Constitution and closed Parliament for three years, governing through a Council of Ministers of his own selection, without regard to Parliament or its constitutional majority.

The semi-Dictatorship on the Nile of Mohamed Pasha Mahmoud, came to an abrupt end soon after the Labour Government in London took office. Premier MacDonald and Foreign Secretary Henderson compelled King Fouad to put the Constitution in force again.

New elections brought the former 90 per cent. Wafdist majority to Parliament again, and Nahas Pasha back to power. In June the Nahas Cabinet resigned after a quarrel with the King over the Constitution. The King prorogued Parliament until July 21 and appointed the Sidky Pasha Cabinet, which, if Parliament meets again, will have scarcely a 10 per cent. vote. Political agitation, serious rioting, and killing has followed. Nahas Pasha, taking his cue from Gandhi, has started a "Non-Co-operation" movement.

The conflict between King and Parliament is holding back the march of progress in Egypt. A stagnated cotton market has brought economic depression. Favoured of the gods in winter, an hotel monopoly with its prices is diverting the stream of tourists to Morocco and Algeria, where prices are reasonable and hundreds of miles of excellent motor roads have opened up a new and more peaceful winter playground. Geographically situated to be the international aerodrome of three continents and climatically suited for winter flying like California, Egypt has not yet even a law making possible private flying. Aviation is not only not encouraged but actually discouraged, and Egyptian aviators given little or no recognition or impetus to carry on for the honour of their country.

Egypt needs a ————?

"THE SPHERE" surveys the WORLD

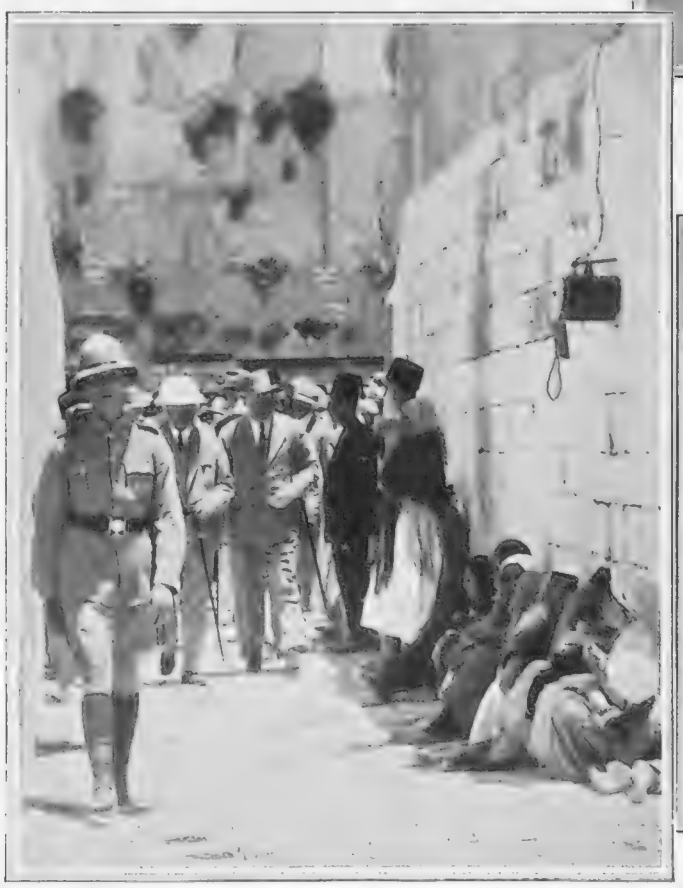
New York — Havana — Jerusalem — Paris — Berlin

"WETS" IN DRY—AND HOT—NEW YORK: The grown-up New Yorkers evidently envy these lucky youngsters having a dip in the fountain at the foot of Broadway; and the New York "cops" must have discreetly looked the other way

A BROADCAST FROM CUBA: President Gerardo Machado, on the left, broadcasting an address on Inaependence Day. The "Egyptians" are not from the East, but members of a Masonic Temple at Miami

FROM EAST TO WEST: Rabindranath Tagore, the famous Indian poet, on a visit to Berlin. The younger picturesque figure is his nephew

A TRIBUTE FROM MOROCCO: The white-robed Sultan of Morocco, Mouley Mohammed Si Amada, who is on a visit to Paris, returning from the Arc de Triomphe, where he placed a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. That simple shrine, under the shadow of the great Arch, has as many pilgrims as the tomb of our own Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, and like it has always its pathetic tribute of flowers



WHO OWNS THE WAILING WALL? Members of the Wailing Wall Commission of the League of Nations, which is to decide the rival claims of Moslems and Jews to this ancient relic of Jerusalem, on their way to the point of dispute. The wall, which is believed to be the last vestige of the Temple of King Solomon, is claimed by the Moslems as one of their holy places, and the Commission has a difficult task in adjudicating between the claimants

FREE SPEECH! Comrade Stalin, still fresh and hearty, leaving the Communist Congress in Moscow after delivering a speech that kept him on his feet for seven hours! Such a feat of elocutory endurance might make even his fellow Communists doubt their belief in free speech!

DARK OR LIGHT—ALL ONE TO CHICAGO: The vaunting skyscrapers of the most notorious city of the U.S.A.

CHICAGO, CITY OF THE GANGS

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

"What the hell does it matter what the world says about Chicago? It'll be a mighty city for centuries to come."—GENERAL DAWES.

After all, General "Hell-and-Maria" Dawes, Chicago's leading citizen, does not see his way clear to accept the invitation of his fellow-citizens to "clean up" the 10,000 odd gangsters who infest the city's crime underworld.

A relief to his friends. The job is not an impossible one. But to achieve success a man would have to be endowed with dictatorial powers; and he would have to exile the whole mob of politicians, break up the city police force, and bring in his own police, and probably troops also, to enforce his decrees. He would also be obliged to execute, on summary court-martial lines, quite a number of gang chiefs and professional murderers.

And this sort of thing cannot be done in America. The liberty-loving cities prefer to put up with the gangs.

A strange city, Chicago. Typically American. New York is not typically American. New York is cosmopolis on an American pattern. Chicago is the west, and the pioneering west at that, a city bursting with civic pride, a city of enormous virility, growing, seething with relentless, ferocious life. New York is soft compared with Chicago as London is soft compared with hard, driving, dour, wealthy Liverpool.

This is not the first time the law-abiding elements have arisen in wrath and demanded a clean-up of the Augean stables. Some years ago, at the height of one of the periodical crime waves, a district attorney (public prosecutor) was elected for this very purpose. He entered his office announcing his intention of going ahead with this primary task at once and with the gloves off.

But he did not last long enough even to brush the dust off one gang chief's coat-sleeve. A car passed him in the street before he had been two days in office. There was a roar and a crackle. And when they got to the district attorney he was dead. He had been riddled with machine-gun fire. Innumerable people were "grilled" by the police, but no man paid the penalty for that assassination. And after talking excitedly about the affair a day or two, Chicago went on with its primary business of making as much money as possible in the shortest possible time.

Who is to blame for the extraordinary state of affairs in the second largest city of the United States? Who is to blame for the monstrous cancer of the gangs? The city itself is to blame. If a tremendous section of the city population did not themselves provide the rich soil in which the gangs flourish, and gang leaders like Mr. "Al" Capone rise to millionairedom, Chicago would be a quiet, a mild, a blameless city. The gang leaders would disgustingly shake its dust from their boot soles. It would not offer them rewards commensurate with the risks and the labour and the terrible nervous strain of their pursuits.

The outside world, unacquainted with the peculiar conditions brought about by prohibition, have an idea that the slain in Chicago consist of innocent citizens, that banks are daily held up and robbed, that one daren't walk down a dark street after dark for fear of being held up, and that one's wife daren't wear her jewels out to restaurant, theatre, or cabaret for fear of having them taken from her at the point of a gun.

An illusion. You might go to live in Chicago to-morrow, and pass the rest of your life there, living as any normal citizen lives in London, Manchester, or Glasgow, and never meet a gangster face to face, or become aware that the city had a sinister underworld alive with snakes and wolves in human form. On the other hand you might go to live there one day and get "bumped off" the next. It depends upon your particular line of activity.

Crime in Chicago is mainly due to the discovery by the criminal mind of the great virtues of organization. Your gangster chief will laugh at the old-fashioned criminal with his rigid individualism, his safe-blowing tools, his penchant for "second-storey work," his taste for petty hold-ups round murky corners, all the small-minded tricks of the brute, the moron, and the cunning degenerate.

The "Al" Capones work, like the Medici men of medieval Italy, with small and highly organized private armies. They have their spies, their sources of intelligence, their retained assassins, their elaborate defences, their corrupting contacts with politicians, their lucrative pursuits sustained on a system of bribery, violence, and intimidation.

If they menaced the great vested financial interests, big business, or the banks, they would get short shrift. But they are not so foolish. They are mainly in the liquor business and in the racketeering business. A racketeer is a gentleman who runs any sort of business, from egg merchandizing to labour union organizing, and ensures its success by violent means.

In New York, for instance, one of the chief figures in the great scandal of January, 1930—an Italian-born magistrate was proved to be allied to the crime underworld—was an individual known as "the artichoke king." An apparently innocent pursuit—until one came up against his business method.

He had achieved a monopoly for the supply of artichokes over a wide area by the simple process of giving vegetable dealers the choice of buying his artichokes or having their shops smashed up. After some reluctant retailers had sustained heavy losses in devastating raids by gangsters and incidentally found that the insurance companies refused to carry their risks if this sort of thing went on—the vegetable trade bowed to the strong arm, and bought as directed, and all was peace once more.

The same game can be played with almost any commodity that is not handled by a big and powerful combine. It is business in which a horde of small foreign-born men are predominant that the racketeer chooses to "muscle in" on.

You are a labourer. A man comes along and says you have got to join a new union and do as its boss orders. You tell him to go to the devil. In the street a day or two later a gang set on you and break your arms or legs with a crowbar and get away. What use is that to you? You know it has happened to several of your pals—and you join the union. And the racketeer uses his labour organization in politics and blackmails small employers by threatening to call out the men.

You are a ferociously competitive individual anxious to get rich quick. You go into the taxi-line business and seek either to oust an existing concern or to smash a new competitor. You get in touch with a gang chief who specializes in such jobs—and your rival finds the tyres of his machine punctured with ice picks and his drivers assaulted. His only effective remedy is to hire a stronger gang of racketeers to effect reprisals. So the merry game goes on.

The law of the jungle, revered in Chicago, breeds crime, the racketeer, and the gangster. So long as men in these mighty American cities hold to their pioneering creed of "might is right," and "to the strongest the spoils," and so long as a majority of the citizens insist upon getting their alcoholic liquor despite the prohibition law so long will the gangs flourish.

Consider the position of a bootlegger on the grand scale. He is supplying a huge demand for liquor at a price which is ten times higher than the pre-prohibition price. His profits are enormous (Capone is reported to make £60,000 a month), the bribes fund at his disposal is colossal. He has henchmen in every district, and a regular organization of runners, salesmen, saloons, transport. He has to keep their gang of crooks and thugs contented and prosperous. It is an elementary safeguard, the sole cement of loyalty. To achieve this he must hold on to his business, expand, crush competition, keep up prices. He can only do this by invading the territory of rivals and by fighting off invasions of his own territory. He must punish also, and he can only punish in one way—by "putting a man on the spot," in other words, sentencing him to death. Once the sentence is passed, the hired killers go off, with "rods" in their pockets, or sawn-off shot-guns up a trouser leg, or a "tommy" gun under the seat of an automobile, or a "pine-apple" in a handbag, to "lay the finger" on the doomed man. And another killing is added to the long list.

The police seldom find the killers. Besides, the gang chief retains a sharp lawyer, who looks after the business end of affairs, pulls technical legal and political strings when "the boys get in a jam," and as often as possible plans the defence of a crime before it takes place in case anything goes wrong and a court case results.

Somehow the big chiefs manage to survive for quite a time. This is puzzling when you realize that they are exposed to every risk, every hazard. They may be robbed, insulted, shot at, arrested on false charges, their liquor wagons "hi-jacked," and they have no redress in law. They need expect no normal police protection. They are outlaws in the jungle where only the fittest and the most ruthless and cunning survive.

They achieve the miracle of survival by striking first, by being able to bribe more heavily than the other man, by surrounding themselves with a complete defence system, from armoured racing-cars capable of doing 100 m.p.h. on the road and equipped with bullet-proof glass, to highly-paid bodyguards and residences which are turned into regular fortresses equipped with searchlights, armouries, and steel shutters with windows 9 ft. from the floor, and electric cables and telephone wires buried too deep for an attacking gang to get at them under half-a-day.

The present gang war, which has so upset the people of Chicago, arises out of complicated feuds originating in the hi-jacking of one gang's liquor lorries by another gang, and invasions of the latter's territory by way of reprisals. Which means that one gang chief thinks he is bigger and cleverer than another, and has only to be daring enough to eliminate the other and "muscle in" on his business. As soon as that particular germs sprouts in a gang chief's brain, the police department notes that trouble is about to begin, and the mortuary keepers get ready for the inevitable influx of corpses.

Public opinion has been aroused—temporarily only; Chicago has a short memory for these things—by the slaying in broad daylight, on a railway platform of Alfred Lingle, a veteran crime reporter on the staff of *The Chicago Tribune*. This reporter's offence consisted not so much of what he knew as of the use to which he put his knowledge. For some time he had been printing in his paper items of knowledge gained through his intimate contacts with the underworld and gang chiefs, as Mr. Hannen Swaffer might, in the course of telling the inside story of some theatrical quarrel, use information gained through his personal acquaintance with some of the warring personalities involved.

This was a grave indiscretion, particularly as in gangland it was perceived that the news stories appearing in *The Chicago Tribune* tended to incriminate one particular gang (whose worrying by the police would enchant its rival and competitor). Hence the offending reporter was adjudged guilty of the unpardonable offence of squealing, and was put "on the spot" and duly executed.

The police commissioner has resigned, and the police have made around 700 arrests. No one has yet been charged with the murder. The killers may or may not be brought to trial and "burnt" on the electric chair. Knowing Chicago, one would say probably not.

STRANGE DANCE CUSTOMS OF WESTERN AFRICA

Unique Pictures Taken by the Seabrook Expedition to the Ivory Coast
Exclusive to "The Sphere"

A YAFOUBA BALLET GIRL: The principal ballerina in one of the elabora native dances. Her ballet skirt is quite on the lines of those worn by mo civilized ballet dancers

FEMALE IMPERSONATORS AND WITCH DOCTORS: The top left-hand picture shows Yafouba boys in women's garb dancing in a ballet. This curious female impersonation is one of the strange customs discovered by Mr. Seabrook in his sojourn among these unknown people. The charming creature in the bottom picture is a Yafouba witch doctor wearing the mask of Gla, the most powerful devil known to the tribe. While the witch doctor is wearing this mask he has the right to club to death anyone he pleases—even the chief of the tribe

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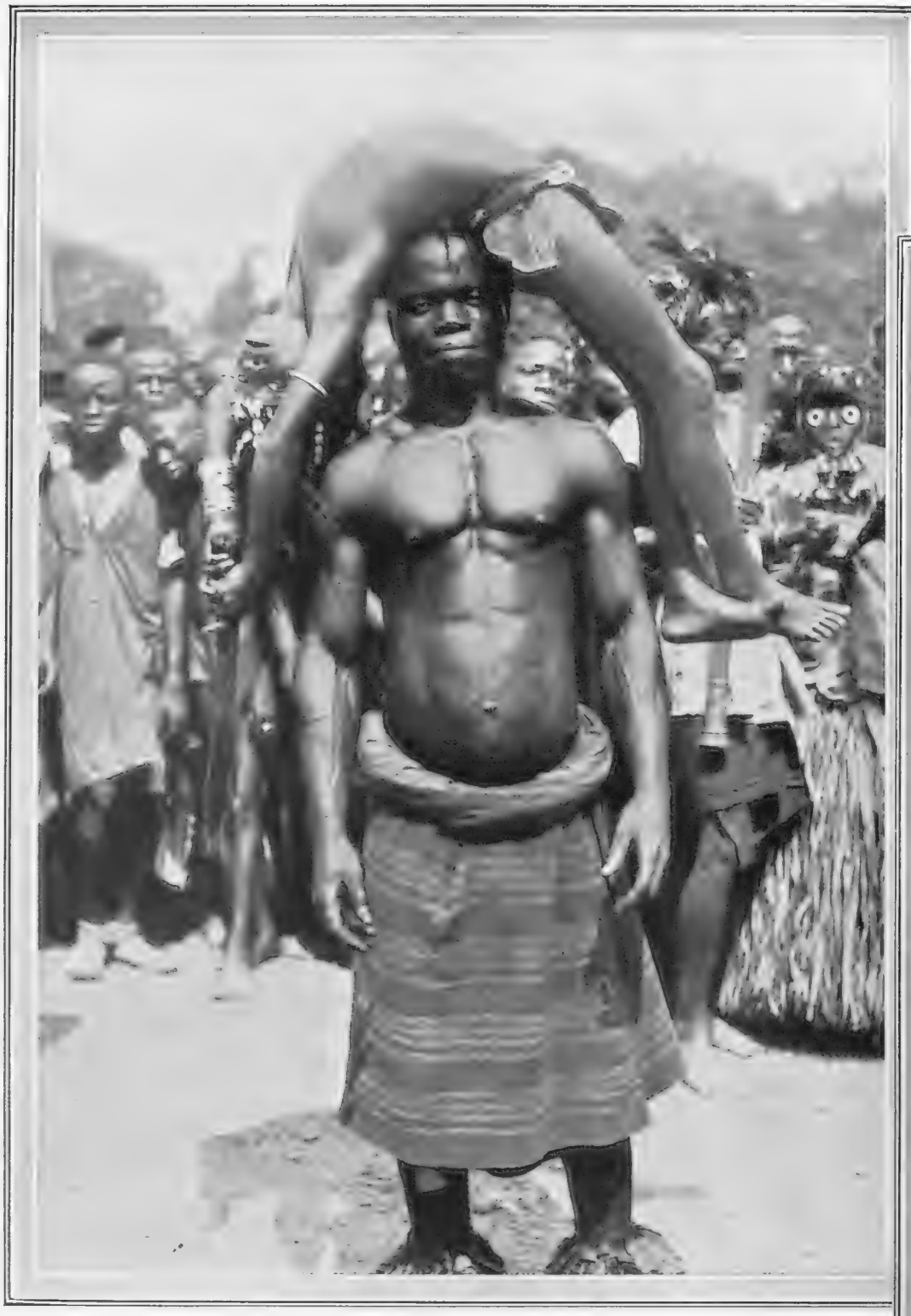
STRANGE DANCES

Of the African Ivory Coast

Mr. W. B. Seabroo



THE FIRST POSITION: This black Goliath and his "partner" are about to start one of the extraordinary displays of dancing and juggling, with young girls as "apparatus," which are part of the mysterious rites of the Yafoubas. The comparatively placid expression of the girl on Goliath's head is due to hypnotism, which renders her insensitive to her dangerous role

HYPNOTIZED FOR THE ORDEAL: The child victims ordeal, for which they are first prepared by being and become pliable as India-rubber in the jugg strange ointments and are then ready to tak

CAUGHT ON A SWORD: The jugglers arm themselves with sharply-pointed swords, and on these receive—or appear to receive—the bodies of girls flung to them through the air

READY FOR THE THROW: A girl at the moment when she is to be flung from one juggler to another. It is worth turning the picture upside down to see the extraordinary expression on the girl's face

These extraordinary pictures—the strangest that have ever come out of Africa—were taken by Mr. W. B. Seabrook, the famous American author and explorer, during a long sojourn in West Africa, where he has been studying, with the co-operation of the French Colonial Government, the strange customs and ceremonies of the hitherto almost unknown natives of the Ivory Coast and Upper Volta. Here linger some of the most extraordinary examples of native sorcery.

of the YAFOUBAS

ver before pictured—Taken by
n a Recent Expedition

e tribal jugglers have to go through a weird notized, so that they relax all their muscles strong hands. They are also smeared with ir part in the extraordinary ceremonies

ic, and juggling, vividly illustrated by these ographs. Mr. Seabrook himself can have nothing stranger, even in his earlier ex- ations, which took him first to Arabia, where tudied the ways of the Whirling Dervishes the Yezidee Devil Worshippers, and then ng the natives of Haiti, with their terrible doo practices. He is said to be the only g white man who has been initiated into ain of the Voodoo rituals.

THE HUMAN CLUB: The hypnotized girls are used like human Indian clubs by the jugglers. They are swung round at terrific speed, flung into the air and caught again, and finally hurled from one juggler to another, sometimes describing an arc of three or four yards in the air. The picture above shows the extraordinary structure worn by the jugglers in some of the ritual dances. It has a symbolic meaning and stands for the crocodile

WITH THE SEABROOK PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION TO THE IVORY COAST—Exclusive "Sphere" Pictures

THE FETTERS OF MATRIMONY: These three black beauties of the Ivory Coast are not in the native idea of the stocks. The heavy anklets they are wearing are signs that they are favourite wives. Favouritism, on the Ivory Coast, as elsewhere, evidently has its penalties, even though the favourites become ladies of leisure and have nothing to do but amuse themselves

A VERY HEAVY WEDDING RING: Putting on one of the heavy ornamental brass anklets—they weigh fifteen pounds each—which are worn by favoured wives of the "big men" of the Yafouba tribe. The anklets are welded on, and they are on for life. But as compensation for dragging about such weighty wedding rings the wearers need do no more hewing of wood or drawing of water. They are exempt for life from all heavy work, and can take their ease in the fashion shown by the sleeping beauty in the smaller picture

MISS FANNIE HURST is one of the most considerable of a very considerable band of present-day American Women novelists. Her books—notably *Lummox, Appassionata,* and *Five and Ten*—have made her name famous on two continents, and her short stories are of equal literary importance. Miss Hurst is, at the moment, on an extended visit to London, prior to visiting Paris, where she intends to stay for some little time

The Luscious Art of Walloping

By CECIL ROBERTS

(*"The Sphere's" Critic Declines to Hold a Weekly Scourge*)

Someone remarked the other day upon this weekly contribution of mine that I was much too lenient with the books under notice. "Why don't you go for the rubbish they put out? Wallop 'em," said my critic. As the very latest successful novelist, at the age of twenty-six, without any experience of his craft, he carries out his own advice. An odd trick has made him famous; as the pet of the hour he flagellates colleagues who have forgotten more than he will ever learn. The reckless mixture of insolence and incompetence that he mistakes for his own unassailable genius has brought him a notoriety which in the cocktail-bars of the West End passes for Fame. At thirty he will grow tired of walloping and, in turn, be well walloped by every insolent boy just down from the 'Varsity with a complete estimate of the intellectual bankruptcy of his elders.

In over twenty years of hard writing I have seen it all so often. As a novelist I have never been taken up by any set, and therefore can never be let down by any. If all the reviewers walloped me, or no reviewer looked at me, my publisher could still with confidence put down, in advance, within a few thousands, the sale of a new book. So much for reviews, for walloping, and non-walloping.

No, I do not intend to wallop in these columns. A bad book dies of its own accord, a good book slowly trickles through to recognition. I believe that. It is the only real comfort in our profession. And there are enough good books to keep any reviewer busy. Novelists who faint because Mr. Arnold Bennett does not smile on them, or are puffed up because he does, should go out of business, for they have lost their most valuable asset — a sense of proportion. Mr. Bennett is a man of genius with a particular flair for assessing the taste of the public. His praise goes into heavy type, his dissent is shamefully smothered. In his unshakable sanity Mr. Bennett must smile, for he knows he is only one mind and one mind can make sad mistakes.

Here is the evidence of it, *Novels and Novelists*, by Katherine Mansfield (Constable. 7s. 6d.). She was a woman of genius, but as a critic she was incorrigibly sophisticated. Between April, 1919, and December, 1920, she read more than 100 novels. In the whole list there are about two she approves of, three-quarters of them she damns with supercilious comment. She cannot be credited with a single discovery, or gallant advocacy. Once her genius, for she had genius undoubtedly, sensed quality. She praised Tomlinson's *Old Junk* long before a chorus was organized to shout Tomlinson Is It, and give him his long-deferred dues. And if she, with her genius, failed thus, who am I to embark on a weekly orgy of walloping?

As might be expected, the School of Wallop is also the School of Gush. Here is Mr. Compton Mackenzie with a pertinent observation upon it in his introduction to Mr. John Connell's *Lyndesay* (Cape. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Mackenzie has noticed that every author of a first novel, providing his age is between fifteen and twenty-five, is a star of immeasurable magnitude. "I sincerely hope that reviewers will take the kinder course of finding as many faults as they can in *Lyndesay* instead of following the contemporary fashion of pouring out indigestible praise of any young writer who appears in the list of a good publisher. The advertising columns of the papers grow blacker and blacker with fresh masterpieces every Sunday. The Pierian spring is in spate; the steeps of Parnassus are now open to motor-bicyclists; inspiration is as easy to obtain as artificial ozone."

The virtue of Mr. Connell's novel about public school life lies in the fact that, for the first time, we are not enforced to listen to the diatribes of unpleasant young animals versed in all the vices. Judging from the public school novels of the last five years, the chief claim of these institutions (which on prize days assert they rule the Empire) is that they equip the young for all the versions and perversions of South Kensington, Rue de Lappe, and Kleist-strasser. The complete course of this education is usually terminated, since no ultra-modern novelist of nineteen dare leave his protegée with a sob in the school chapel, with dawn on a roof-garden after a wild night, and the sudden revelation that the skies are clean and the tarmac clear, on the lines that one sinner returned from the Wild West End is worth ten with a school certificate.

Lyndesay is a quite innocent book. Rapture, rape, and revulsion are left severely out of the picture. Here is a house-master who, capable of being in love with his boys, is not ashamed of the fact, and does not ask Freud to explain it. Young Martin is alert, experimental, but eminently sane, as is the school through which one feels the wind blowing at all times, with good food, good hours, and good sense. Mr. Connell even dares to say good-bye in the school chapel, with an honest lump in the throat; that is the measure of his innocence as a novelist, and I like him for it. The story holds nothing exciting, the detail is often laboured, but it is an honest book, with a feeling for beauty and the unconscious loveliness of youth.

The kindness of the reviewers is not always confined to the beginner, it is assured to some of the well-established. Nothing that Mr. John Buchan cared to put his name to would ever earn anything but the polite praise of the Press. To begin with, he is an avowed Scots novelist, and therefore he commands the loyalty of the largest body in journalism. Also, everyone has so much respect for his intellect and the vigour of his career, from the hour when he emerged as one of Milner's young men, that criticism is timid in his presence. But I wonder, nevertheless, if a less harmonious chorus of praise would not have served him better. Does Mr. Buchan believe in his own novels? I cannot think that the last half-dozen gives us the measure of his mind or of his gifts. Here is the latest, *Castle Gay* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). One again meets Dickson McCunn, Dougal and Jaikie of *Huntingtower*, a well-observed character in Mr. Craw the newspaper Napoleon, and Mr. Buchan's usual quiet, well-groomed young men so conscious of their Oxford or Cambridge background. But I could never quite believe in the story, and the heavy Scots dialect made it heavy going for a Sassenach. So amid a chorus of deferential praise I must confess I am disappointed. Mr. Buchan might become a great novelist; he has the mind and the power, but of late he has just allowed his pen to trickle amiably along, and no one has had the courage to tell him so. Here is competence above the average, but never the sudden fire of inspiration, or the glow of passionate feeling. I expect more from him, and shall continue to expect, in hope.

I seem to remember that Mr. Gilbert Frankau once gave an interview to the Press in which he flamboyantly declared that novel writing was not a man's job, and after great success in that sphere he was giving it up. This was the prelude to a disastrous adventure in Fleet Street. Having found, I presume, that it was more than a man's job, he has returned to his old and despised calling. I am not sorry about it. He is a born storyteller, and in *Martin Make-Believe* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) there is his customary skill in framing a situation. His characters are all machine-made, his dialogues have a crisp air, his sense of drama never fails to grip. It is not literature, but at moments the quality of the writing is high enough to be mistaken for it. From the moment one meets Martin Kenterton in a military hospital until he is in the arms of Sylvia, after ruin and imprisonment, the book has the quality of a good entertainment. All the turns are vital, the curtain goes up and down at the command of the deftest A.S.M. The trial scene is sheer drama throughout — almost a man's job.

I know a man whose daily dose in fiction is a murder a day. It was he who commended the work of Dashiell Hammett. This author has every reason to understand his criminals. He was once a Pinkerton detective in a country where crime is proportionate to its skyscrapers. Here is what our American friends call "a hard-boiled" story, *The Maltese Falcon* (Knopf. 7s. 6d.). It has one of the most beautiful and remorseless slayers in fiction—and a most astonishing dental obsession on the part of the author. Teeth are in the way of everything: "—— he told her, grinning so that the edges of his jaw-teeth were visible." "Spade's lifted lip showed his eye-tooth." All told, a very hard-bitten story, with teeth playing their part in the love passage at the close: "Spade set the edges of his teeth together, and said through them 'I won't play the sap for you.' She put her mouth to his, slowly her arms. . . ." But it wasn't love only. It was Spade's way of getting hold of a murderess to deliver her over to justice.

Mr. Laurence Meynell has written two mystery stories and the third holds up his reputation, *Camouflage* (Harrap. 7s. 6d.). It is a curious fact that all crime stories, having displaced the old-fashioned love story in the taste of the public, still retain the old ending—with the detective growing very tender with the young lady in the lane at the end of four hundred pages of crime. Michael is no exception. The mystery that opens in a packing-shed at Newton Ferry, and moves rapidly to a splendid mix-up in a Hull dock centre, ends felicitously in love lane.

The late Conan Doyle was under no necessity to mix love passages with crime. Having made the immortal Sherlock Holmes a bachelor, he knew nothing of these softer moments. He was always curiously inhuman to his famous character, in fact he came to hate him, and flatly refused the most amazing offers from America to keep the famous Baker Street partnership in business. I only met the late Sir Arthur once, and he proved on that occasion the most charming companion of a two-hundred-mile railway journey. He might have written a great book on Napoleon, whose period he knew so well. When I asked him why he did not, he replied that as an historian or a biographer he was doomed to failure in the eyes of a public that insisted on his being a specialist in crime only. Such is the penalty of success.

Mr. E. F. Benson has taken a very heavily worn theme for *The Inheritors* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). Steven Gervase, who fascinates the young Don, Maurice Crofts, is an example of the pagan survival in our modern civilization. From the first you know that Crofts is going to find horns in the curly hair of the Greek god, Steven. All the bathing, the blue skies, the village idiots, the pagan stock surviving in a Cornish village, are the inevitable impedimenta of this Dionysiac resurrection. Anyone less skilled than Mr. Benson would have rejected the whole paraphernalia at once. It cannot be made to work. Why, oh why, are these reincarnated people always so devastatingly handsome, and why must they come from Greece, with pipe playing, and running about naked, and bathing at sunrise?

When Mr. Benson keeps asking "Who Was Steven?" I can answer each time. He is the stock character of a thousand novels in which the handsome young man suffers from a curse rather than a thirst, and will go mad in the wood on hearing the pipes of Pan. Well, if anyone could pull it off, Mr. Benson is the man. And he cannot. That should be sufficient warning for all others to leave the theme well alone. We may believe in ectoplasm and fairies, but these Greeks, no. I had a bootblack once in New York. He came from Athens and looked like the young Alcibiades. He cleaned boots magnificently, his head was a living poem, but—he ate garlic. Any resurrected faun would have the same vice. Mr. Benson cannot excite me with his importation from Greece.

The Editor would like to do what Mr. Cecil Roberts obviously cannot do, review among this week's novels his own Havana Bound, *which has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton at 7s. 6d. It is, however, at the author's own request that no extended notice of this book is given on the page where his literary causerie appears weekly. The editor has no hesitation, nevertheless, in whole-heartedly commending Mr. Roberts's new novel to the attention of his readers.*—ED.

THE HAY WAIN: This has been nearly a record year for the hay crop. Looking at these pictures of the plentiful harvest one can almost smell what Shakespeare rightly called "the sweet and wholesome odour" of the new-mown hay

THE HORSE HELPS THE STACKERS: Petrol-driven machinery has largely replaced the pitchfork in building a haystack, but the horse machine is still to be seen in the land

AMATEUR HAYMAKERS: A haymaking holiday makes a change from seaside delights. These city girls are obviously enjoying their labours on a Bedfordshire farm; and the change has evidently done them good. No doubt they agree with Bottom "that sweet hay hath no fellow"

BRINGING HOME THE HARVEST: In gathering up the bumper crop of 1930 the machine is a great help, but here too the skilled touch is necessary in the loading of the hay wain

On the Countryside with the Haymakers

ON A SURF-BOARD BEHIND A SPEED-BOAT: Travelling on a surf-board drawn by a fast speed-boat is one of the most exciting aquatic experiences it is possible to imagine. There is no other sensation quite like skimming over the water at a terrific speed

THE SPEED-BOAT SPLUTTER: Speed-boat racing is rapidly becoming the most popular sport at all the big coast resorts. This picture shows an exciting moment in a race at Brighton

SPEED-BOATING of TO-DAY

The great event in the motor-boat world has been the London to Cowes race organized by the British Motor-Boat Club. Six competitors finished out of eight starters. The race demonstrated the wide variety of type in the motor-boating world of to-day. "Dahinda," a charming little cruiser, won the first prize

COMING ASHORE: Captain Woolf Barnato, one of the devotees of the speed-boat, coming in after a run at the Welsh Harp

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

THE "IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST": Wilde's famous play, with a very modern setting, is at the Lyric, Hammersmith

At a time when the unemployment figures are reaching frightening heights, the out-of-work British actor is looking with dismay at the number of foreign performers who appear to be taking the bread and butter out of his mouth.

He perhaps does not realize that as soon as the theatre ceases to be international it cannot possibly continue to exist.

As a matter of fact we import less as regards plays and players than we export, which compares favourably with the recent Board of Trade returns of more tangible commodities, whilst we have the advantage of the new interest which good foreign importations bring to our own struggling theatre.

If it were not for the opposition of talking-pictures we could feasibly close our ports to foreign plays and actors. This would mean that the general standard of entertainment would go down, as there would not be as many plays from which to choose and we should always be seeing the same faces on the stage.

Although there are more bad talking-pictures than good ones, they have made the public more difficult to please than they used to be, as the movies have introduced so many new personalities that the theatre has got to keep up with them.

The International Season which closed at the Globe Theatre a week or two ago is not the ideal way of doing this, as it becomes too expensive to the manager. The chief reason for its lack of financial success is that the plays were given in foreign languages, and we have, as a race, never been able to boast of our linguistic prowess.

We can only, therefore, look to the Continent for plays, with the exception of dancers and those few artists who speak English. Amongst these latter, the company, although small, is select, as it includes such brilliant stars as Delysia, Yvonne Arnaud, Leon Morton (who I am delighted to hear is shortly returning to London to appear in C. B. Cochran's new operette *Evergreen*, Maurice Chevalier, George Metaxa, and the latest recruit, Mireille Perry.

After Maurice Chevalier, the best known and most popular young man on the Parisian lyrical stage is Saint-Granier, who speaks excellent English but has as yet never appeared in England.

For an exchange of talent on a large scale we must naturally look to the only other great country which speaks our language, America.

It is surprising how the wholesale influx of American talking pictures is rapidly making the British public become accustomed to the American intonation, and it is pleasant to know that the Americans not only like the way our actors speak, but in some cases, and especially in New York, actually prefer it.

The United States have sent us many fine artistes and many bad ones; we have sent them many great actors, but many more bad ones than they send us.

If we were to close our gates to Americans and they were to send us back all their English actors the unemployment in the theatrical profession would be much worse than it is now.

In the world of variety the exchange of talent is of more importance than in the "legit.," but it is extremely difficult not to make errors of judgment, as many big successes in both countrie are miserable failures after they cross the Atlantic.

A few years ago the B.F. Keith Circuit of America, which is now a part of the tremendous Radio-Keith-Orpheum organization, employed a man whose sole object in life was to travel all over the world looking for novelties.

He would return to New York after an absence of from one to two years, dreamily telling tales of Old Kashmir, of wonderfully exotic dancers in Bangkok, and velvet-eyed Indian Nautch girls who he felt would excite the jaded American business man to a frenzy. After being listened to very politely his reports would be carefully filed and then promptly forgotten. He eventually died during his lonely peregrinations, unhallowed and unsung, still dreaming that the denizens of Oshkosh would one day be made happy by the result of one of his visits to a Burmese dance-hall.

Bertram Mills, who is responsible for the excellent circus at Olympia each Christmastide, spends ten months of the year scouring the world for novelties to present to the Londoner. If there were no importation of foreign talent this marvellous circus, which gives untold joy to thousands of children, both grown-up and otherwise, every year, would be impossible.

"THE SPHERE" THEATRE GUIDE

"A NIGHT LIKE THIS." Farce in the best Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn tradition.

"THE MAN IN POSSESSION." Lovely Isabel Jeans and Raymond Massey in a fine play.

"THE SILENT WITNESS." A trial scene surrounded by good drama.

"NINE TILL SIX." Showing a "back-stage" view of a dressmaking emporium.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS." Dennis King's spirited interpretation of D'Artagnan is worth the price of admission alone.

"THE WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN" or **"The Side-Splitting Adventures of Marion Lorne."**

"THE LOVE RACE." Some old but very funny jokes with Stanley Lupino.

"ALMOST A HONEYMOON." Insists on running.

"THE FIRST MRS. FRASER." English acting at its best.

"SONS O' GUNS." Showing the musical-comedy side of the War, with hordes of pretty girls.

"BITTER-SWEET." Charming.

"JEALOUSY." Two people and a telephone in a gripping drama.

"COCHRAN'S 1930 REVUE." Russian ballet, American dancing, British comedy, and several other good things.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST." Full of "Wilde" epigrams.

"DESIRE." Owen Nares as a lady-killing butler in a French play with an English ending.

"CYNARA." Shows why barristers should not mis-behave, especially if they are married to beautiful women like Gladys Cooper.

"THE BEAUX STRATAGEM." A nice, quiet, but pleasant evening with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle.

"THE SWAN." Splendid acting in the best of Molnar's plays.

"PETTICOAT INFLUENCE." Most amusing comedy of how the Empire is run—including Diana Wynyard's long green gloves.

"THE COMMAND TO LOVE." Amorous foreign military attache sacrificing his gifts on the altar of diplomacy—Yvonne Arnaud sweetly accepting the sacrifice.

"ON THE SPOT." The best of the dramatic exhibits on view.

Berlin is theatrically going through a worse time than we are. All the State theatres are closed, and there are only eight theatres open in the entire city.

Professor Max Reinhardt, who can always be relied upon to do something interesting, has produced a new play called *Phea*, which is an amusing satire on the film Moguls and how they conduct their business. He has also put on an intimate revue at his attractive Komödie Theatre, reminiscent of the best of the Charlot Revues of yore. The Germans have improved to a great degree in the production of revues. Up to a year or two ago their revues were the most revolting spectacles it is possible to conceive. They tried to outdo Paris in wickedness, and merely became gross. They are now substituting cleverness for nakedness, as there is not much variety or comedy in the latter.

The play, for which the theatre has to be converted into a cabaret, *Die Wunderbar*, is still running and doing good business in spite of the heat in Berlin. It will probably be seen in London this autumn.

Paris theatres are doing better than those of either London or Berlin, although its summer season is the worst since the War. Although Paris has not nearly the population of London it has more theatres, and there are twenty-one open at present besides the usual revues. Our old friend *The Desert Song* is still running, and *The New Moon* has just closed.

The present Folies Bergère revue is the best I have seen, and is doing splendid business.

In spite of the large amount of publicity the reputed bad business in the theatres has received, I am informed that the libraries (Keith Prowse and kindred spirits) are doing better business with theatre seats than with tickets for other forms of entertainment.

Although this is the tail-end of the season cabarets are going great guns, and those that are putting on good shows are doing well.

Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon, who were the most popular dancing couple last season, have returned to London and are showing a new "hot" dance at the Hotel Splendide. It is so sizzling that there is a danger of the hotel catching fire when they dance. They are the logical successors to Vernon and Irene Castle.

The May Fair is giving its patrons something entirely different from the usual form of cabaret entertainment, as two thought-reading experts called Harry and Frances Usher are appearing there. They go round telling people their innermost thoughts, but young men who go there with their lady friends need not be alarmed, as they are most discreet.

The Café de Paris believes that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and is making a feature of a diverting and pleasant young man named Hal Kemp, who is the leader of several other bright young Americans who comprise the best band for dancing in London, whilst a French lady named Irene Bordoni, who comes to us via America, is offering the latest American songs to the denizens of the Kit-Cat.

It was quite a thrill to witness the return to the London stage of José Collins at the Coliseum. How much prettier were the waltz songs so popular during her reign at Daly's Theatre than the present-day craze for jazz! She is still a great artiste with a superabundance of that mythical thing called personality.

BATHING BELLES FROM PARIS: A fantastic beach scene, aptly called the "Joy of Life," in a Parisian spectacle at the London Coliseum

ABOVE AND BELOW STAIRS

A Delightful Guitry Comedy at the New: A Newcomer in the Cast of "On the Spot"

A NEWCOMER TO THE CAST OF ON THE SPOT, *MISS JANET MEGREW: She is seen seated on the fatal settee, with Mr. Charles Laughton in the centre as Toni Perelli*

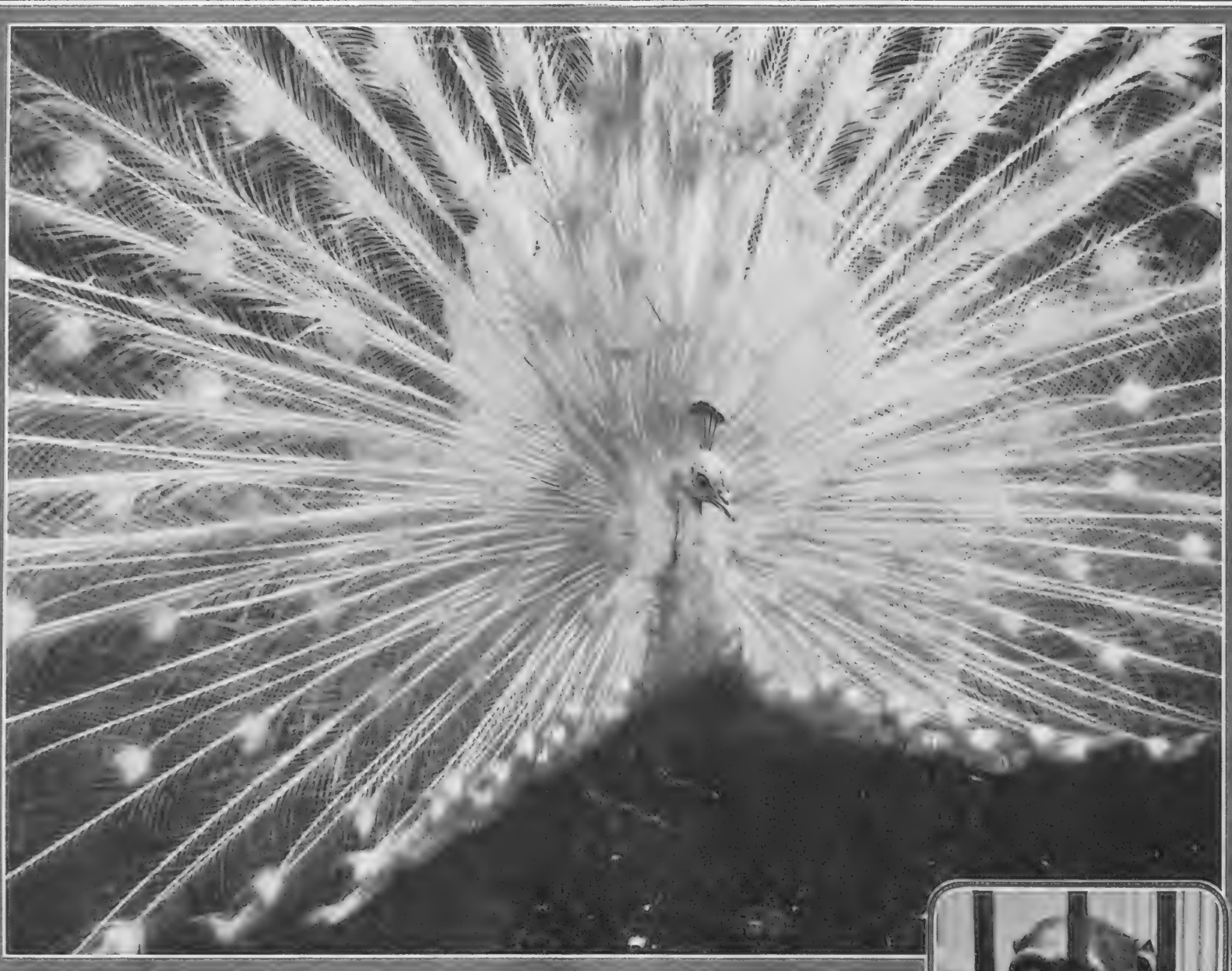
BELOW STAIRS AT THE NEW THEATRE: Mr. Owen Nares, as the possible new butler, invades the kitchen in Sacha Guitry's delightful comedy at the New. He questions the maid, Madeleine (Miss Nadine March) as to whether he will suit the kitchen. It is no use his going upstairs unless he will be comfortable in the kitchen

MADAME CORNICHE AT THE DINNER-TABLE: Miss Clare Harris acts the irritating lady guest whose deafness is exasperating with excellent skill

ABOVE STAIRS IN THE DINING-ROOM AT DEAUVILLE: Madame Corniche arrives late for the little dinner-party, but without her husband, Adrien. Her deafness produces a very humorous scene, Felix Montignac (Mr. Evelyn Roberts) and Odette (Miss Jeanne de Casalis) answering her in various high-pitched tones. All the time Désiré, the butler, is deftly waiting (Mr. Owen Nares, by the way, shows himself an adept in the folding of napkins)

AN ECHO OF THE MIDNIGHT REVUE: Lady Bridget Parsons is here seen with Lady Castlerosse. Both were indefatigable in selling programmes for the benefit of the Prince of Wales's Personal Fund of the British Legion

One of the most delightful of the lighter comedies of the moment is Sacha Guitry's *Désiré*, adapted by John Leslie Frith, and now being produced at the New Theatre. The play starts below stairs in the kitchen of Odette's house in Paris—Mr. Owen Nares appears as an earnest and somewhat susceptible butler. The play ripples with laughter from beginning to end—a very welcome summer-evening play.



PEACOCKING!

DOES THE WHITE PEACOCK KNOW HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS AT FULL SPREAD? This one, the pride of the Zoo, showed great readiness to display its charms to the photographer; but he and his camera couldn't get in quite the full length of those lovely feathers

BO BO—a black chimpanzee from the Cameroons, and the first of her kind to be seen in England. Bo Bo is not very good tempered, but she can be soothed with the gift of a cigarette

A NEW ZOO BABY

MRS. MARICA GAZELLE AND HER CHILD, LATELY BORN IN THE ZOO: Mamma comes from Persia, but she seems to take more kindly to captivity than some of her shy and graceful kind

THINGS TO SEE AT THE ZOO these days . . .

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

PARIS CALLING

A Cocktail Causerie from the Gay Capital

By H. PEARL ADAM

SOMETHING NEW IN APÉRITIFS.—A new cocktail is wanted. This is a jaded part of the year, and we want something new. We have had the Satan cocktail at the Napoli, and Hydromel at the Viking's, so the thrill of novelty has gone from them, and nothing is left but the taste, which quantities of us dislike from the bottom of wherever it is that cocktails go to—the brain, probably. A disciple of Paul Reboux invented the Ozone, whose dark blue was hailed with delight by all the people who never get nearer to seaweed than they can help; but somebody old enough to know worse, and not sober enough to know better, said that it reminded her of war-hospitals, because it smelt of iodine. I cannot help feeling that we are about due for the Sweet Lavender cocktail, or the Mignonette, or the Apple Orchard, all made of real fruit-juice; goodness knows that would be a new enough taste to most of the people who want a novelty! In this town even a lemon squash, if anybody is courageous enough to ask for one, has a chemical symbol, its mothers's pet name being Citric and its father having come to the salute when anybody said Acid. A little of the good old fresh-crushed blackberry or raspberry would be quite a success in this after-season lassitude, when nobody is here unless they haven't had the money to go away—or the money to stay away.

If the jolly old home orchard isn't good enough for you, you can always fall back on the Satan; I am assured that its concomitants come from India, China, Japan, Singapore, Asia Minor, and Africa. It tastes like it, too: but why should Satan be confined to these districts? Has he no address in West Ealing or North Somerset?

Let someone launch the Alice cocktail! Don't you remember that what she drank had "a mixed flavour of cherry tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, coffee, and hot buttered toast"? And that its immediate effect was to make her feel as though she were "shutting up like a telescope"? Some cocktail! This is what Paris is looking for.

TOO HARD WORK.—Madame Aurel wants to revive the literary salon so famous in the archives of French social history. But she is very indignant with the slackness shown by her friends. For some years now her poetical Wednesdays have been very freely attended, and all sorts of poets have recited all sorts of poems, both before and after tea, and have been listened to with more or less attention, according to the mood of the audience. But Madame Aurel does not consider this sufficient. She says that, to be a worthy member of a real literary group, and of use in a true salon, one must read five or six hours a day, and work fifteen at least for its encouragement. A hard programme, indeed, especially when one remembers that the greater part of the reading hours must be devoted to the absorption of modern poetry! Madame Aurel is finding it difficult to get enthusiasts who will give themselves to this arduous task; in particular she complains that young women will not bind themselves, in case their lovers should wish for their society at just the time promised to the salon. Well, what does she expect of a band of young women devoted to poetry, even modern poetry? She can hardly be surprised if on that diet they turn sentimental.

Nor can she be surprised that there is not a rush to accept her invitation to some literary-minded female. "Let her come forward, and I will train her secretary and her copyists; I will hand over to her all my second-rate poets, who are infinitely more amiable and profitable to a great nation than those of the front rank, who are the only ones I can honour (*feter*) since I write myself." One does not quite follow the argument, and wild horses wouldn't make one form a salon under the ægis of so very formidable a lady!

WHAT WOULD NAPOLEON SAY?—There is usually something amusing going on in the French Law Courts. A case in point has just been settled. André Dubosc, a handsome and popular French actor, fell into a discussion with one of the park-keepers at Versailles over some small point, became irritated, and called the man a Corsican. One would hardly have expected a Frenchman to consider this an insult, but he did, and Dubosc had to explain himself before the magistrates. There were quite a number of fairly obvious arguments on his side. But Dubosc with good-humoured gaiety placed his case in the hands of a pretty lady barrister—who is Corsican! Of course the case was dismissed, and everybody had to laugh.

Mayor Leger of Vichy drinks the health of the new Minister of Tourisme and Mayor of Dijon, Gaston Gerard—but not in Vichy water

On left—Counsel for the Defence, Maître Torres listening to the case against Aloise Pavan, charged with the murder of Angelo Salvorelli

On right—The Bey of Tunis, who is on a visit to Paris, with the one-armed General Gouraud, military Governor of the city

Racine in a Roman Arena: An outdoor performance of the famous poet's tragedy, "Britannicus"

The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

NURSERY SCHOOLS IN VIENNA

After dinner comes siesta time—an enforced rest on the most hygienic sort of mattress

Early instruction in table manners. Dinner-time in the nursery school of Sandleiten

By HARRIET DICKSON

Wherever possible, and always when the need is urgent, the nursery school replaces the kindergarten, and gradually the working-class districts are finding healthy and happy quarters springing up where they are most required. The nursery school, if it is a paradise for the child is equally so for the working mother. Here she brings her young family at 7 a.m. and need not fetch them again till 6 p.m. They are fed, washed, and kept happily employed for eleven hours, under constant supervision and in the most health-giving surroundings.

The children are grouped according to age. Thus the babies of two and three come together. The three to fives form a separate group, and yet another takes the fives and sixes. Thirty is the limit of a section or a class, limited to twenty-five when they are very small.

Instruction goes on till midday with a short interval. Then dinner is served, after which every child retires to a low wood-framed hammock on the floor and sleeps or rests till two. The afternoon is occupied with lessons again till mother comes to fetch them at six.

"Learning" is, of course, in the terms of childhood. They learn to talk, to observe. They draw and model and build. They live according to rhythm-rhythm in movement, rhythm in play, for the one-time belief that music and dancing were for the brains of the family has died the death it deserved.

In the summer months life is entirely lived in the open air. Apart from the set programme of instruction, differently arranged for the changing seasons, they have flowers to tend, animals, birds, and fish to feed. And the open-air life shows wonderful results.

The question of meals comes naturally into an eleven-hour day. Cocoa with fresh milk in the morning, a midday meal which may mean vegetable stews, milky puddings, or meat on an average of only twice a week, with some kind of sweet for tea, constitute a menu said to provide the best nourishment for little children. For these meals the parents pay about 3d. a day (there are reductions and free places), and all contribute a merely nominal amount, an untranslatable fraction of a penny a week for every child under care.

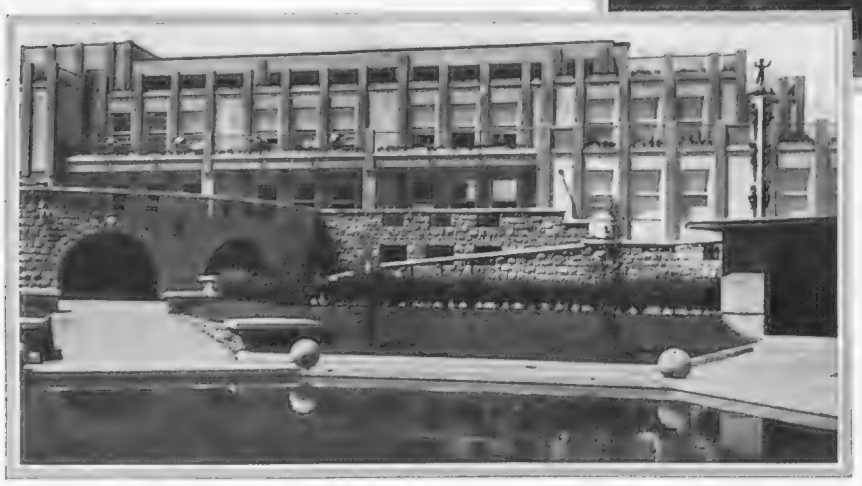
Post-War difficulties and the evil effects of malnutrition called the nursery schools into being. They are a preventive measure calculated to counteract the unhealthy conditions, material and spiritual, which are that War's legacy. The experiment in the first instance is admittedly costly, but Vienna after twelve years' experience thinks the money well spent.

It was the renowned psychologist of Vienna, Alfred Adler, who defined "play" as "the child's profession." And play indeed has come to be regarded as an aid and not a hindrance to education, a means to a healthy soul no less than to a healthy body. As the same psychologist has it, "games stimulate the spirit, nurture the imagination, and are thus a preparation for life."

The theory is willingly admitted. But play, whether in the sense of educative play or not, presupposes somewhere to play. It presupposes cleanliness, sun, and air. And perhaps any far-seeing community ought to provide these things for its young, more especially if it renders more than lip service to the Children's Declaration of Right framed at Geneva, which contends that "every child must be given the means requisite for its normal development, both materially and spiritually."

The solving of the housing problem gave Vienna a unique opportunity of showing her goodwill towards that much-to-be-desired "normal development." The tenement blocks have not only their sun-balconies, their roof-gardens, and even their swimming-pools, they have kindergartens and nursery schools as well.

Brightly painted walls gay with pictured frescoes are a feature of the nursery school



One of the eight play terraces where the children enjoy an open-air life

IN LOVE with the 'ivory' tip!

How smooth and sleek it is
— the elegant 'ivory' tip!
How pure and mild—the
fine cigarette it adorns.

DE RESZKE

Virginias 10 *for* 6*d.* A NON-COUPON CIGARETTE *Turks* 20 *for* 1/-

The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

It is interesting to follow the evolution of cots for babies, from the very primitive wooden ones to those in vogue at the present-day.

Something that can be manipulated quickly. Something light that can be packed and posted at a moment's notice if necessary, and something hygienic. All those points the modern mother stresses when she chooses a cot for the newest baby.

We live in days when babies are rushed to the coast for the hot week-ends like their parents, and it goes without saying their cots go too. It is a distinct advantage to have a light canvas cot, folding and so easily adjusted. The cot itself is often used without trimmings when it is taken away for a short time, and it looks quite presentable in this unclothed state, for it has silk fringe running round the top which forms a decorative finish.

The trimming complete is made all in one and can easily be slipped over and secured to the knobs. This method is much simpler than the old-fashioned decorations, which were often made in several pieces, each one being attached separately. The wood may be plain white-wood, enamelled white, polished, or stained to the same colour as the nursery scheme.

Each cot has a fascination all its own, whether it is trimmed with white organdie, pale pink, pale blue, pale primrose, or with white sprigged muslin, plain muslin, spotted silk net or with hemstitched muslin. There are always the large, soft satin bows and tiny rosettes of baby ribbon to finish—but nowadays these are in pastel shades. If a patterned muslin is used for the valance and canopy, the pink of the rosebud is repeated in the bows.

Cot, bath, basket—and travelling basket—and trolley are usually bought at the same time, together with necessary comforts for the mother or nurse, such as a nursing chair. The shape of one shown in the illustrations is to be highly commended for its solid comfort. This chair probably owes its shape to experience—it is comfort personified. It is low, and can be made in all woods and colours, and the chair is so designed that whoever sits there to bath baby is spared the usual aching back. The shape is such that it supports the spine where it is necessary.

Besides the bath—which may be a collapsible one, or papier mâché with tiny flower designs round the top—stands the trolley, holding all the things necessary for baby's toilet.

The travelling basket is light and daintily trimmed in pale-coloured organdie or silk muslin. It has a tray, and is fitted with the latest fitments for a baby's use.

One of the newest ideas is the four-tier basket, which pulls out at the slightest touch, showing each tier at a glance, so that there will be no difficulty in finding the smallest garment in a hurry. This is trimmed in billows of soft ribbons and muslins of lovely shades.

And of course a clothes-horse must be added to the outfit. These are made so that they will fold into the smallest space imaginable, and can be included without discomfort in baby's "touring" outfit.

For the older child there are delightful wooden cots, which can be painted to harmonize with the nursery furniture, and with them are the loveliest soft blankets and eider-downs in palest pastel shades.

The particular house which I have in mind supplies all the clothes necessary for the early years of baby's life, from the first frilly garments to the more serious business of rompers and overalls, and mother herself is not forgotten, for she too may find the most fascinating outfits for both outdoor and bedroom wear.

VIOLET KING

A bath in comfort in a collapsible Treasure bath. Everything is to hand so as to avoid delay in dressing baby, after being weighed. From Treasure Cot Co., Ltd., of Oxford Street

A charming scheme in delicate colours is used in this Treasure cot, which has a trimmed head-rail. The four-tier basket is invaluable

The untrimmed Treasure cot, with a work-basket and travelling basket for the newest "All-important One"

FASHIONS IN COTS

Washing Silky Things

Silk is affected by chemicals and by heat. These two facts are important, and should be kept in mind. Knowing this, one should be careful to use a neutral soap and lukewarm water. It is just as essential to use lukewarm water for the rinses as for the washing. For washing, make a good suds by dissolving soap flakes in hot water. Then cool with cold water until the suds are about blood heat. This water will seem almost cold.

Just as in all washing separate white clothing from coloured. Never soak silks. Place them directly in the soapy water and wash quickly. Squeeze the suds repeatedly through the soiled parts, and use a second suds if necessary. Never rub or twist.

If repeated washing fades plain coloured silks, a soap tint or dye can be added to the wash water with the other soap. Always follow the directions on the packet of dye, remembering that the shade will be lighter after ironing than it is while the material is wet.

Silk should be rinsed thoroughly in three or more cool rinses. The water should be the same temperature as that used for washing. This is repeated for emphasis, because it is proper temperature, thorough rinsing, and the use of a moderate iron that prevents the yellowing, the stiffening, and the cracking of silks.

Rubbing and twisting break the fibres, so the squeezing method should be used in both washing and rinsing. Get out as much water as possible by squeezing, then shake the article. Roll with a towel between all folds and remove almost immediately. Never use a hot iron, and never sprinkle silks. If the garment is too dry, cover with damp butter muslin and press. Silk pongee and georgette should be dry when ironed. Sprinkling will produce spots.

Ironing silks, artificial silks, and mixtures of these fibres, before they are completely dry prevents shrinking and spotting. If by chance a garment has become spotted or streaked from improper drying, immerse it in water and dry properly.

Artificial silk has one peculiar characteristic—the fibres are weakened when wet, and the strength returns as the material dries. This means that it requires particular attention in handling while wet. Rubbing would be disastrous, and one can imagine what wringing would do to the fibres in their weakened state. In order that no strain be put on any of the fibres, the whole garment should be taken into the hands at one time. If held in this way, no part will hang weighted with water.

Follow the directions given for silk: no soaking, cool waters, no rubbing or twisting, and thorough rinsing. Wash artificial silks frequently so that less force will be needed to get the garments clean. All knitted articles should be watched for "runs" just as one watches stockings. In undergarments runs are apt to start near a hem or seam; in fact, at any point where there is stitching.

While it is desirable to dry artificial silk garments quickly they should never be hung up with clothes-pins. This is extremely important. After rinsing, roll with a towel between all folds, remove this immediately and ease to size, drying flat. Never shake. All these precautions are simply different ways of saying, Handle Wet Artificial Silks With Care.

Artificial silk is added to other materials to make them more attractive. Because of this there are many new, interesting, and beautiful fabrics at a very reasonable price.

No specific directions can be given to cover any combination. However, it may be as well to suggest that great care is taken in washing cotton and artificial silk mixtures. Cotton shows dirt quickly, and is usually washed in comparatively hot water. A much lower temperature must be used if there is artificial silk in the material. Do not use starch for artificial silk and cotton mixtures. It destroys the sheen of artificial silk. An artificial silk and wool combination can be safely handled by washing it as if it were wool alone.

G. BERNARD HUGHES

REVILLON FURS
at Summer Prices

Creators of all that is fashionable in furs, Revillon Frères invite you to view their summer collection. The many brilliant designs are here to be seen for the first time. In some models fur is the main thing; in others it is used discreetly to enhance the materials of the mode.

And furs for winter—a warming, pleasant thought, even now! The concession of summer prices for winter furs is now in force. You may choose one of the winter cloaks or coats and leave it in the safe keeping of the Revillon cold storage until autumn. Or you may select your own skins, to be tailored to a special design. Also you may have minor renovations done to your present furs at modest charges.

Revillon Frères

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PARIS NEW YORK

"PRAISE-GOD-BARE-BONES"—

An Impression of Stockholm's Exhibition

It is all very invigorating, the Stockholm Exhibition—*Mens sana in corpore sano*—though the body is here reduced to something disconcertingly like a skeleton. Bare, efficient, vigorous, it makes a challenging gesture of emancipation that may be acclaimed or deprecated but that cannot be ignored.

Beautifully produced, whether by hand-craft or machine, the manufactures of Sweden—the products of ingenious Swedish minds—are here housed and displayed with so austere an economy of architectural "flesh" that the Swedes themselves are by no means unanimous in their acceptance of what Mr. Asplund has built for them on the lakeside opposite to (and one might almost think in defiance of) the island of Skansen, the open-air Folk-museum and architectural Valhalla of Old Sweden.

Yet I think the Swedes are needlessly disturbed. What is appropriate to a temporary exhibition, deliberately and very properly designed to be provocative, is not necessarily suitable for permanent buildings, whether domestic or public, nor is a serious attempt likely to be made to force any convention, however novel or economical, to subserve ends to which it is not adopted.

A Saneness of Purpose

There is a sane and saving sense of "fitness for purpose" in Sweden that requires new ideas to be proved definitely beneficial by practical demonstration before they are generally accepted, and we may be sure that "Functionalist" building (I hesitate to call it architecture) will be used and exploited just so far as is logically and æsthetically justifiable and no further.

The stark steel stanchion, the glass wall, the flat roof, the unrelieved expanse of bare surface—these things, these almost negative architectural elements, are capable of composition into pleasing patterns enough when skilfully handled, as we were already well aware and as Mr. Asplund has reminded us, but what is in every way admirable as a background to machines and their products may be less congenial as a background to the irrational complexes of human living, whether domestic or civic.

The dilemma with which the alert Swedes are teasing themselves is, as I say, unreal, because there will be no fight to the death between Functionalism and Traditionalism in Sweden, only an adjustment and rectification of territory conducted with moderation and good sense as between the two, each occupying such country as it is peculiarly fitted to exploit most effectively—and no more.

Happy country! First, to be experiencing such innovations; secondly, to be aware of them; thirdly, to be intelligently interested; and, fourthly, because it is neither violently pro or anti, but calmly prepared to judge the new technique on its merits as these may be gradually revealed.

The balanced view is surely that the Functionalist convention of building has a certain beauty under certain circumstances like any other form of honesty or logic, but that it is not the only beauty nor the highest.

In literature its equivalent is the telegram, whose merits, such as they are, lie in efficient, economical, and direct statement in the simplest terms, without frills or flourishes and without much subtlety or fine shades of meaning.

Try telegraphing the gist of a sonnet in a half-crown wire, and the result will be gibberish.

Aerial View of the Stockholm Exhibition

The message to be delivered must be adapted to the medium, and the Functionalists can only speak in "Cablese"—Morse code—dot and dash—"Iddy-umpty," a language well adapted to some occasions, but not to all.

The factory and the steamship—they can and should be thus expressed, and the idiom is successful at the Stockholm Exhibition because it is new enough to be entertaining. But it has a limited emotional content, no associative value, and mere novelty is so fugitive an asset that though Stockholm has got away with it as it deserved to do, its inherent common sense and economy will be its chief recommendations in the future—virtues undoubtedly—but scarcely beguiling enough for a popular show, where the public, mostly sentimental, is paying to be charmed by such suggestions of splendour, opulence, or romance as are within its comprehension.

Joyful Light by Night

Yet at Stockholm, let it be said at once, the thing has come off triumphantly, the exhibits themselves gaining immensely in effectiveness by reason of the austerity of their setting. The exhibitors have relied on themselves and the things they show and the way they show them, not on extraneous trimmings, and for that reason alone Stockholm is notable as an exhibition of *exhibits*. And for the most part they are so good that, skilfully disposed as they are, they are self-sufficient, a host in themselves—they need no more than space, support, shelter, and light.

Light indeed, light by night (and that is when all exhibitions are at their gala best and should be judged) is quite definitely used as a *material* at Stockholm, pillars of it, bands of it—contained within glass certainly, but dominating the composition in its own right *as* light, shaped and proportioned to build up the bold and staccato effects that have been the architect's aim.

The fresh de-bunking spirit of the buildings pervades also the design of the things they house, by no means so thoroughly, but in a general kind of way sufficient to suggest a friendly accord between the two, a readiness of tradition to be modified in the light of reason to accept and make the best of a new and hopeful age of machines and mass production.

It, however, is in the actual homes of the people as displayed in the wonderful blocks of model flats shown by the People's Saving and Building Association and by the Co-operative Society that new ideas are perhaps most apparent. The ingenuity of the labour-saving furniture and fittings, the incredible compactness and convenience of the accommodation, have surely never been surpassed.

What we English architects consider "planning" looks childishly crude, incomplete, and rough-and-ready in comparison, and it is to be hoped that when a part of the exhibition comes to England next year a few of these eye-opening flats will accompany it.

Yet for all their rationalization these little homes have character; you would I think know them anywhere to be at any rate Scandinavian.

For the Swedes are not "Modern" in the ruthless and revolutionary French or Dutch way, iconoclastically, violently breaking with all that has gone before. They are not concerned to abolish the old forms, but to modify them. They have learnt to speak the old language in a crisp and vivacious fashion, adapted to a quickened tempo of living that makes it *seem* like a new language, but it is really a stronger thing than that; it is the traditional speech of a people, re-discovered and developed.

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The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A MOUNTAIN OF THE ANTIPODES: A lovely bit of New Zealand scenery—Mitre Peak and Milford Sound, as seen from the Sutherlands

FASCINATING NEW ZEALAND

By ALAN J. VILLIERS

Author of "Round The Horn" and other Works. He is very familiar with Australasian Lands and Waters

'Oh mother, they're speaking English!" a little boy, wild with delight, cried to his mother when a big steamer, crowded with migrants from the Old Land, docked at Wellington, and the little boy and all his shipmates heard the babble of welcoming conversation on the wharf. Probably he expected to see a horde of "wild" Maoris, and to be welcomed in Maori or Hawaiian. And though he was just a little boy and everybody smiled, there were others who were just as surprised as he was. For what does the average Englishman know about New Zealand? That it sends him good honey, better apples, and very good frozen lamb, if only he could get somebody to cook it for him properly. That it possesses volcanoes that "go off" upon occasion. (The newspaper tells him that.) That—if he is especially well informed—it has wonderfully beautiful scenery, and is one of the finest holiday places in the Empire.

But somehow he doesn't go there much, though every year now at least 10,000 New Zealanders make the journey home. Their education they consider incomplete without it. The number is steadily increasing; happy and prosperous in their own New Zealand, they come to see this Homeland whence they are all sprung. The steamers that bring them carry back big cargoes, and often precious little besides. . . .

I first saw New Zealand from the wet and shivery decks of a little barque, deep-laden with a cargo of gypsum from South Australia. It was midwinter. We were two months, I think, crossing the Tasman Sea. The Tasman Sea is not a pleasant spot in winter. I was a small boy at the time, on my first trip to sea, and pretty fed up with things. We picked up the Three Kings, those dangerous rocky islets off New Zealand's northern horn; we picked up also a nasty easterly gale with hail and rain, and clear those Three Kings we could not. We stuck there for a week, punching about; clewing up sail, making sail, changing sail, going 'bout ship twice a watch and getting nowhere. . . . The easterly gale persisted. I began to curse New Zealand, that we were bound to such a place.

Then came a fair wind and we sneaked down the coast, past the picturesque Bay of Islands, and into Whangarei. We anchored in deep-blue water off a tiny village called Onerahi; there followed the most pleasant six weeks of my life. We worked hard all day getting out the cargo, and then when that was done we took in timber. In the evenings we swam and fished; at the week-ends we went on boating excursions. Swam and boated in mid-winter! You couldn't do that up here in this draughty corner of the world, not even at Mr. Lansbury's Lido. When we were tired of the fish and the waves we went for rambles ashore. The smell of the bush was glorious, and the healthiness, the peaceful quiet, and soft beauty so grew upon us that, when it was time to weigh anchor again we did not want to go.

There followed more voyagings to and fro over the Tasman Sea between Australia and New Zealand. We went in that old barque to Auckland and to Greymouth, Wanganui, New Plymouth, and Napier. She was a bluff old barque with very blunt bows like the side of a warehouse, and she had a top speed of seven knots with half a gale behind her. But we loved her and the trade she was engaged in; we loved her because she stayed a long time in the ports she took us to, and all of them were lovely.

WELLINGTON: A view of Lambton Quay, which shows a very modern note in architecture

At Auckland I remember we crossed New Zealand in a tram. It is quite easy, though I know no other Dominion that may be crossed from sea to sea in the same way. We mounted our tram near Auckland Harbour, on the Pacific side; we left the same tram, about an hour or less later, at a place called Onehunga, on the Tasman Sea side of the island. Onehunga is practically a suburb of Auckland, and though they face different seas the same tram service connects them, and they are only a few miles apart. Remembering our misery round the Three Kings, I recall that at the time I wondered why the Government did not put a canal through there, to save ships bound to Sydney going right round the northern extremity of the island.

We went to Rotorua and saw the steaming geysers, the happy Maoris, and the scenery there. At Wanganui we fished again and hung over the bulwarks at night, just revelling in the beauty. At Wellington we bathed and tramped inland. Wanganui River must surely be one of the most beautiful streams in all the world. It winds in loveliness and peace through forests, past coloured cliffs delicately tinted in grey, in fawn, in palest orange. Into it dark tributaries dash from rocky ravines: here little rills drip from the mossy rocks, and there a giant tree rises sheer from the water's edge. . . . But who shall try to picture New Zealand's loveliness in cold print! It is absurd to try. . . .

I left that barque and sailed the seven seas. Years afterward I came again to New Zealand from its furthest Dependency—the grim waters of the Far South. I was a whaler then—a whaler's labourer to be more precise—in the Norwegian whaling ship, *Sir James Clark Ross*, pioneer of the Ross Sea whaling fleets of to-day. It was in 1924, and we returned to Stewart Island from the first cruise to the Great Ice Barrier after whales. We had been a long time without warmth and had seen no land for five months. It was fitting that we should come from that to New Zealand. We felt that we were returned, not from the sea, but from another world. The sun shone and the birds sang; the flowers and the bush scented the pleasant air, and the little children playing in the gardens were browned in the sun.

I stayed in New Zealand then for a while. It attracted me so much that I had to stay. What are the attractions of this furthest isle? Grand scenery is not enough, though that is wonderful. The people who live in Dunedin, in Christchurch, in Wellington, and Napier, see little of their country's scenery. It is the outsiders who see, just as it is not the Londoners themselves who know their City best—or few of them. The little typist and the City men care little for the lurid tourist posters in the railway halls. The shopgirl and the labourer see nothing of the deer-stalking, the swordfish, and the sharks. They are content with the happiness, the sunshine, and the health—the friendliness that surrounds them is more to them than scenery, and cheerfulness in their daily lives is greater than sport.

I often stood somewhere in a street in Auckland, Wellington, and Dunedin, and watched the crowds hurrying by, comparing them with other crowds I knew. Try it on a London crowd, or in Berlin, New York. Expressionless, dispirited faces, hopelessness, dullness, weariness, despair—these stream endlessly by. The happy face is rare: the interested face rarer. The crowds seem to amble by because they must. But in these young cities of the South it is quite different. The blasé and the bored face is difficult to find; wanness, paleness, and weariness are displaced by sun-tan, alertness, and health. I do not say that everyone is cheerful. I do not suggest that the populace wanders about bathed in wide grins. But if you ever get the chance, just try a comparison of Londoners with an Auckland crowd, and see.

I liked the south island of New Zealand because there were so many Scotsmen there. I liked the north island because there was such clear sunshine there. I liked Stewart Island, that curious little triangle on the map on the southern side of Foveaux Strait, because it had the best oysters in the world. I liked the whole of New Zealand for its varied beauty, its ruggedness, its pleasant farms, its happiness, and its health. I liked every New Zealander because they were 99 per cent. British and 100 per cent. men. And I loved to live amongst them because their hospitality was warm, infinite, and genuine. There were no slums and there was no real poverty. If I ever settle down it will be, I hope, in New Zealand.

IN THE NORTH ISLAND: A bird's-eye view of the busy Queen Street, one of the principal thoroughfares in Auckland

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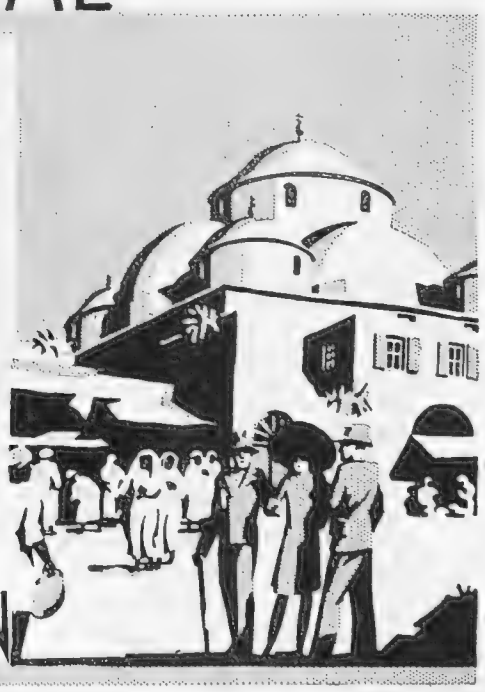

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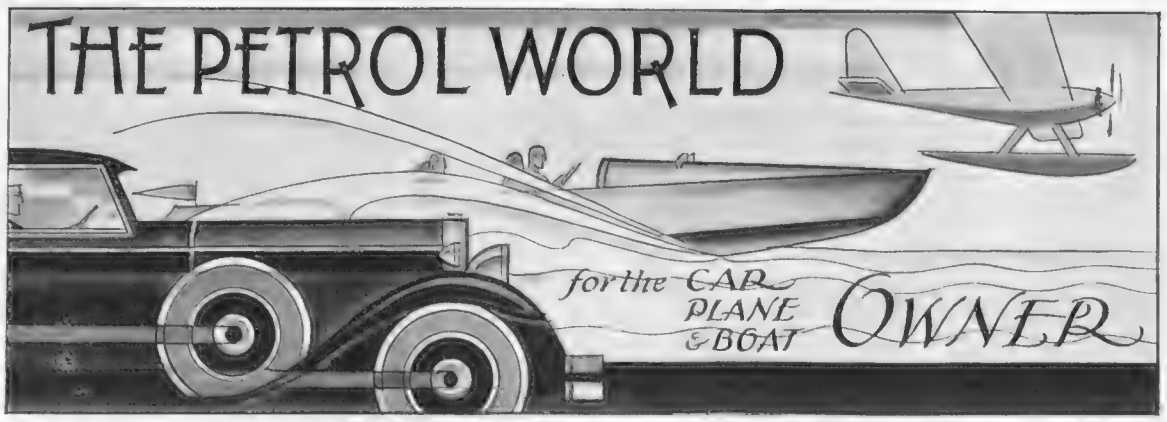
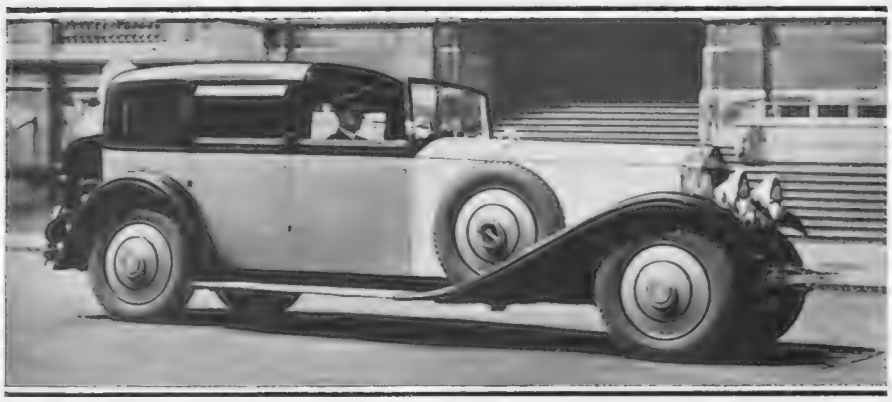


Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

MOTOR MODES.—For the past few years we have seen what is commonly known as the high-waisted body becoming more and more popular. In some cases this fashion has been so exaggerated that the driver feels as if he were sitting in a Pillar Box with just a view ahead through the slot. We have become so accustomed to this whim of fashion that the other day when I paid a visit to the showrooms of Lancia (England), Limited, where some very interesting cars with a comparatively low waist-line were exhibited, I first began to realize the folly of our past ways. True, these low-waisted bodies look strange, but one has only to sit in the driving seat to appreciate that they are far more practical than the more popular design.

In the Lancia showrooms I saw many interesting specimens of coachwork, most of them having been designed by that well-known motorist, the Earl of Cottenham. Lord Cottenham covers thousands of miles by car each year, not only in this country but abroad, and there is no getting away from the fact that the coachwork for which he has been responsible combines beauty of outline with a high degree of practicability. It will be very interesting to watch the effect that these Lancia bodies will have on the motor trade of this country. Will our coachbuilders return to the low-waisted body and thus copy the example of the Lancia firm, or will the present course be continued?

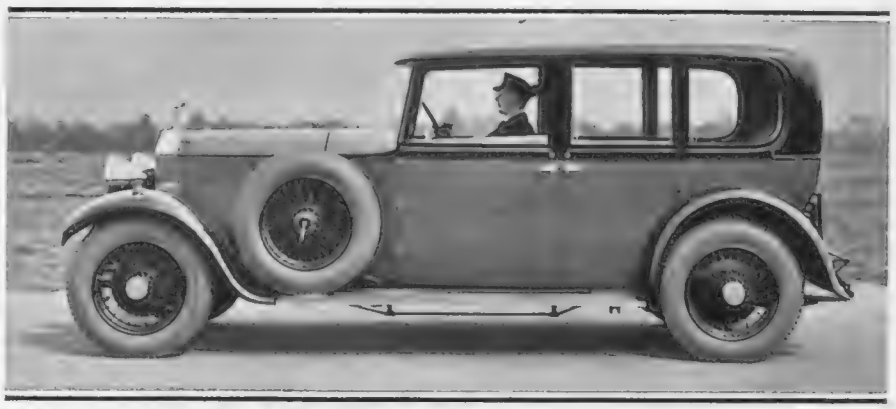


Barker and Co., Ltd.: A very fine example of a Barker Sedanca de Ville body mounted on a 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis, just completed to the instructions of Lord Louis Mountbatten

At this exhibition of cars I also noticed a very striking two-seater which Lord Cottenham has christened "The Bachelor's Two-seater." It is an ideal car for the purpose in view and has amazing accommodation for luggage. For quite a long time past I have been endeavouring to accentuate the importance of acceleration, and it therefore interests me to learn that this famous Italian car, so far as their new Dilambda model is concerned, has few equals for acceleration. It is a touring car and not what is commonly known as a sports model. I was given some really awe-inspiring figures, but I was told not to worry about them until I had an opportunity of testing the car for myself. However I am pleased to learn that the manufacturers have attached the greatest importance to the accelerating powers of their chassis, because as traffic becomes thicker and thicker on the roads of this and other countries this feature will become more and more important.

A MOTOR COLLEGE AMONG THE ARTISTS.—I had an opportunity the other day of renewing my acquaintance with the Automobile Engineering Training College at Chelsea, the occasion being a special visit organized for the Press. This institution is unique so far as this country is concerned, and it is surprising to me to learn that it is not better known. There are many parents who fondly imagine that the motor trade is the wide gate through which their sons can walk rapidly to fortune. Any boy who shows any interest whatever in mechanics, who can take his watch to pieces or can disintegrate the sewing-machine, is apt to become, in his parents' eyes, the future master builder of motor-cars. All trades and professions in this country appear to be full up, and I would like to point out to parents that the motor trade is no exception. At the same time it must be made clear that there is room in it for thoroughly-trained and practical youths, but to arrive at this stage of knowledge requires expenditure of a certain amount of money and time. But facts must be looked in the face, and no boy to-day has the ghost of a chance to get on as a garage manager or as an automobile engineer in any of its many branches unless he is properly trained. I know of no better place for such training than this college at Chelsea, and I must say I think the present generation is extraordinarily fortunate in having such a place in existence. When I look back to the days of my youth, I well remember receiving a very sketchy outline of the practical side of motor engineering in a college in Ireland. There was one chassis in the workshops; and as this had been taken apart scores and scores of times there was never any difficulty in removing nut, bolt, stud, or even larger parts, because the operations had been carried out day by day for years on end. At the college in Chelsea the students are not given a demonstration chassis such as I have pictured, but they work in a real garage where customers' cars are brought in in the ordinary way of business, and they have to take down parts, carry out repairs, and make adjustments all under the supervision of expert instructors.

That, of course, is only quite a minor part of their training, for they are taught thousands of other subjects, including foundry work, lathe work, electrical work, etc.; but, above all, there is an atmosphere about the college which appeals to me particularly. The staff appear to have complete control over their students without exercising that cast-iron discipline usually associated with the parade ground. Everyone appears to be working in a happy frame of mind, and yet no nonsense is allowed in any circumstances. I was interested to learn that the students of the college come from all parts of the world, which is real testimony of its appeal.



Hooper and Co., Ltd.: An enclosed-drive limousine body of exceptional smartness by Hooper, mounted on a 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. This car has just been supplied to Sir Harry Lauder

The Mighty Press: A panoramic view of the cars used to convey the delegates of the Imperial Press Conference to Hampton Court. For this function the Daimler Hire, Ltd., supplied a fleet of Daimler cars which measured half a mile in length

THE MIGHTY A.A.—That great organization, the Automobile Association and Motor Union, held its annual meeting on Wednesday, July 16. For many years now it has been the largest motoring organization in the world, in fact, at the close of the last financial year the membership was 419,053, a net increase during the year of 25,245.

Looking through the A.A.'s annual report, it is rather like studying a sheet of statistics. Still there is much interesting reading, and if the matter is carefully perused the motorist will learn, perhaps for the first time, of the immense work that this live body undertakes and completes on his behalf. The A.A. is nothing if it is not alive, and it is therefore not surprising to learn that it is extending into the air. Already they have air scouts, and my experience of them is that they uphold the A.A.'s reputation for efficiency.

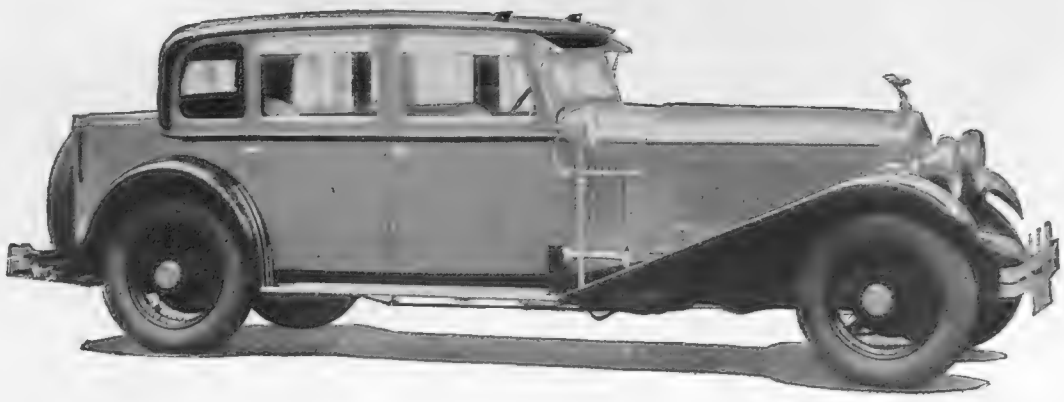
At the informal lunch after the general meeting, the occasion was taken by the motoring Press of the country to present to Mr. Stenson Cooke, the secretary of the A.A., a token of appreciation of his kindness to them during twenty-five years of faithful service with the A.A. The genial secretary, in returning thanks for the gift, recalled the time, not twenty-five years ago, when the A.A. carried out its correspondence on one typewriter, which was lent to them—not even purchased! It now has a subscription revenue well over three-quarters of a million per annum. Good as the various committees of the A.A. may have been, it is no secret to those in the know that the knowledge, foresight, and efficiency of Stenson Cooke, the secretary, have made this a gigantic concern out of a very small beginning.

Whilst talking of the A.A., I wonder how many people know what the small nickel-plated flag occasionally seen over the A.A. badge on a car signifies. There are not more than twenty of these in the country and so they are perhaps not often seen, but if one is lucky to observe a car thus decorated pass an A.A. scout, it will be noticed that the latter gets really hot and bothered, and salutes with both hands, and carries out all sorts of other quaint gesticulations. That small nickel-plated badge indicates that the car belongs to a member of the A.A. committee.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The well-known firm of Crossley Motors, Limited, have just introduced a new model, to be known as the Silver Crossley de Luxe saloon. The equipment includes twin-top gear-box, chromium-plating, safety glass, spare wheel and tyre, electric horn, bulb horn, dipping headlight reflectors, etc. I have not yet tried this car, but I hope to be able to relate my experiences with it within the next few weeks. Incidentally the price of this saloon is £545.

Mr. D. H. Noble, who has been with the Rover Company almost exactly twenty years, and for the past seven years has been responsible for the advertising and publicity of the firm, is shortly leaving in order to take up the position of publicity adviser to the Humber-Hillman combine.

Mr. Noble is a well-known figure in the motor trade, and has graduated to his present position from the ranks of motor-cyclists. He was a very active exponent on a two-wheeler, and was one of the most successful riders of his day.



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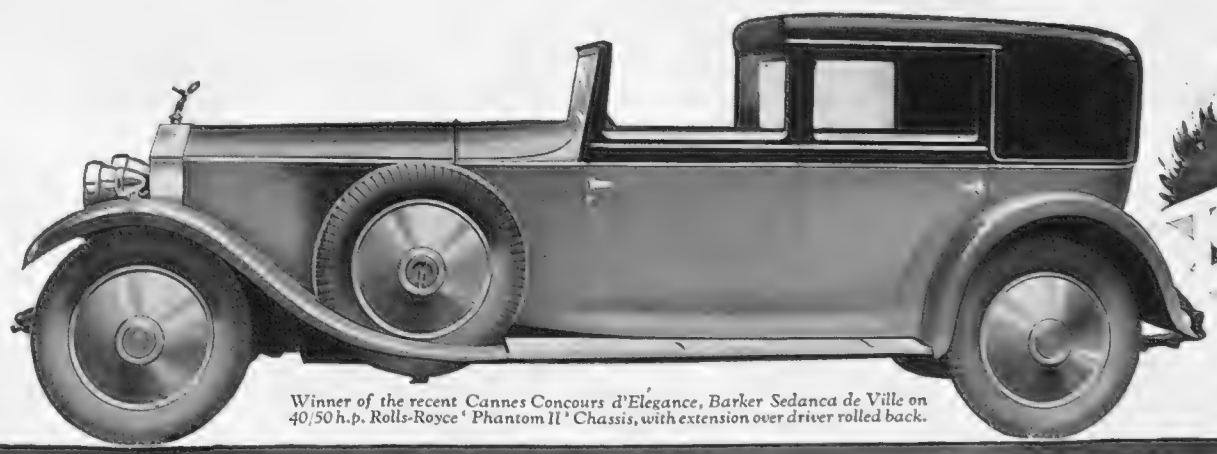

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DEFIANT SALT-MAKERS: When the police, during the Indian disturbances, broke up a salt factory at Kalikapur, a small village near Calcutta, the salt-makers waded out into the canal in a vain attempt to evade arrest. But the monsoon rains have damped the ardour of the demonstrators, and these incidents have now ceased

THE INDIAN FERMENT AND THE MONSOON

By F. H. BROWN, C.I.E.

In View of the Importance of the Physical Factor of Weather in Indian Affairs we give the following Explanation from a Correspondent of the Effects of the Monsoon

The daily cablegrams from India in recent weeks relating to the civil disobedience campaign have made frequent reference to the monsoon. Its coming has brought some alleviation to the overworked and harassed police force and to the troops called out from time to time to assist the civil power. The disagreeable and arduous work of resisting attacks by excited crowds upon established authority was especially distasteful and harassing in April and May, with the continuous rise in the atmospheric as well as the political temperature. The relief of the guardians of law and order on the arrival of the longed-for rains of the south-west monsoon can well be imagined.

The hot-weather months are only too often marked by the emergence of serious trouble. They saw the outbreak of the Mutiny seventy-three years ago and also the rise and spread of the great disturbances in the Punjab and elsewhere in 1919. The intense heat, naturally more felt by men born in Europe than by the average Indian, seems only too often to have a stimulating effect on political unrest, whether taking the form of attacks upon constituted authority or that of collisions between Hindus and Muhammadans.

With his sense of the dramatic, Mr. Gandhi arranged for civil disobedience to be introduced in the spring in the form of the illicit manufacture of salt and raids upon salt depots. These raids were notably persistent at Dharasana, near Surat, in Mr. Gandhi's own Gujarat, and at Wadala, outside the city of Bombay. The first attacks upon these depots were resisted by considerable forces of police, and many arrests were made; but later, owing to the persistence of fresh relays of people day by day it was found necessary to call in the aid of the military arm. Happily the campaign was brought automatically to an end by the outbreak of the monsoon early in June. No fewer than 743 persons have been convicted in connection with the Wadala raids.

In the monsoon the rainfall, though not continuous, is so heavy and frequent that such demonstrations, at least outside the big towns, are impracticable. Even in the great cities the season is unfavourable for lawless assemblies on a large scale. A great procession in Bombay fixed for June 22, banned by the police, but which the Congress leaders proclaimed their determination to carry out, was cancelled at the eleventh hour owing to the persistent downpour and the flooded state of many streets. For the time being attention has shifted to an intensive boycott of foreign, and particularly British, goods. Shops, not only those of the humble Indian trader, but also the big European stores, are picketed to prevent Indians making purchases and to hamper and insult Europeans in doing so.

The measure of partial respite given by the monsoon will not extend beyond the middle of September. Through part of June and in July and August there is general rain during periods varying very considerably in length, with intervals of fine weather and passing clouds in the interior, and showery weather in the coast districts. But the relief afforded the authorities by the *burra bursat* is great, and we may cherish the hope that when it is over better counsels will have prevailed and the cult of civil disobedience will have ceased.

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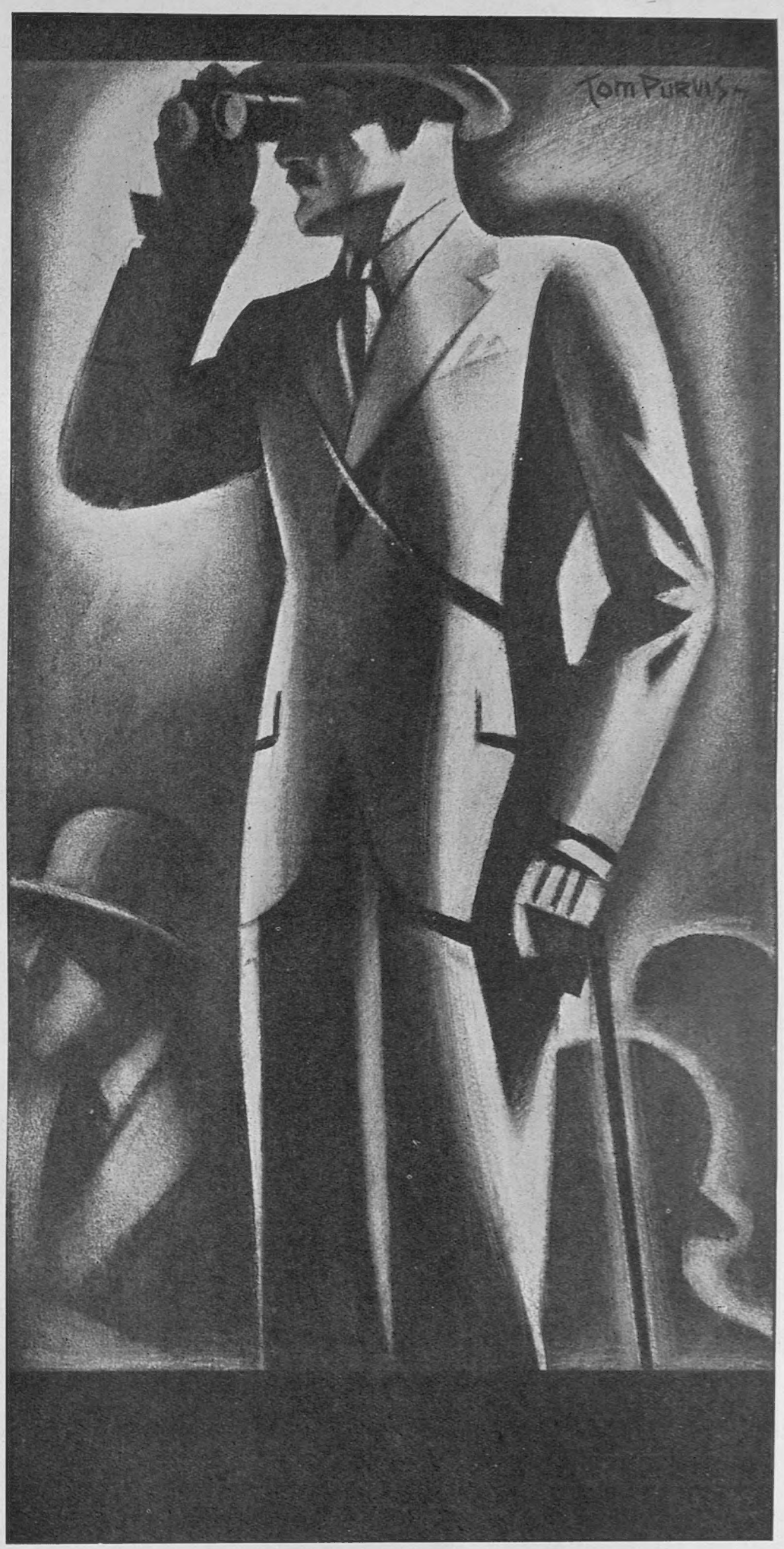

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ITEMS OF INTEREST OF THE WEEK

THE GREATEST AND MOST HIGHLY-PRICED ART COLLECTION IN THE WORLD.

The largest price ever recorded for a single collection of works of art is undoubtedly the million sterling which Messrs. Duveen Brothers, Ltd., paid for the paintings and sculptures gathered by the late M. Gustave Dreyfus of Paris. They constituted the greatest assembly in private hands of the work of the most eminent masters of the Italian School of the fifteenth century. The sculptors represented are amongst the most eminent in the history of art, and include the names of Donatello, Desiderio, Laurano, Verrocchio, Mino da Fiesole, Rossellino and Luca and Andrea della Robbia.

Among the painters are such masters as Francesco Cossa, Ghirlandaio, Fra Filippo Lippi, Filippino Lippi, Giovanni Bellini, and Neroccio. For something like half a century, the collection was housed in a special museum of its own in the home of M. Dreyfus, near the Parc Monceau, Paris, and was a magnet which attracted the connoisseurs of the world, so that the fame of the collection achieved a world-wide reputation through the various works being dealt with from time to time by the leading art writers and critics of Europe.

As notable in importance and complete in its thoroughness as the other works of art, is the collection of plaques and medals included in the sale. Nowhere but in fifteenth-century Italy did the custom of commemorating great events by medals in honour of those taking part in them find its highest expression, and M. Dreyfus's profound knowledge of the subject enabled him to form a superbly representative gathering of a form of art not only beautiful in itself but of supreme importance as historical records, although our public, which is learning more and more to appreciate painting and sculpture, has not yet been educated to anything like a just appreciation of the fascination of medal and plaques.

HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST, by Donatello

PORTRAIT OF GINEVRA SFORZA, by Francesco Cossa

Two outstanding items in the great art collection of M. Gustave Dreyfus, which was sold *en bloc* a few days ago

SIR WALTER SCOTT RISES IN PRICE

Possessors of Scott first editions and MSS. must have noted with great satisfaction the rise in price which last week's sale at Sotheby's denoted. The most surprising price of all, as it was also the highest, was the £1,420 paid for the set of the first series of *Tales of My Landlord, 1816*, in four volumes. This copy was sold in recent years for £55, although as far back as 1904–6, copies had fetched £101 and £106 at Hodgson's. The book comprises *The Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*. *Waverley, 1814*, has always been regarded as the scarcest of the Scott novels and, in "collector's" state, has always brought the highest price; the copy for which Messrs. Maggs paid £1,020 is understood to have cost £600 in recent years. The autograph manuscript of the well-known lines for the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Breathes there a Man with Soul so Dead," sixteen lines, went for £60 (Barrett).

THE TWO PHILIP LE BELS

A constant reader of THE SPHERE draws our attention to what appears to have been a wrong ascription to the Mabuse picture reproduced in July 12 issue of THE SPHERE. The picture referred to was sold a few days ago at Christie's and was briefly entitled "Philip le Bel, by Mabuse." The trio of open-mouthed portraits reproduced in THE SPHERE was a very singular one, and at a first glance gave one the impression of being painted by the same artist, the composition and features being very similar. King Philip IX of France was known to history as Philip le Bel (born A.D. 1268), but there is another Philip le Bel, who lived considerably nearer the period of Mabuse. This prince, our correspondent points out, was the son of the great Emperor Maximilian of Austria, and was born in 1478 and died in 1506. He married Joanna, elder daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castille and Aragon, a sister of the unfortunate Queen Katherine of Aragon, wife of our Henry VIII. Philip died six years after the birth of his son, who became the Emperor Charles V, and whose portrait appeared on the same page as his father's in THE SPHERE. His wife Joanna became mad and carried her handsome husband's coffin with her till her own death. They are buried together in the same vault in the Cathedral of Grenada. This prince appears in *Chambers's Biographical Dictionary* merely as "Philip I of Spain, son of the Emperor Maximilian of Austria."

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Copies of THE SPHERE will be available at the forthcoming Canadian National Exhibition which is being held in Toronto from August 22 to September 6 next. These will be displayed by the Wm. Dawson Subscription Service, Ltd., who will be glad to provide a specimen copy to those interested. Inquiries will be welcomed at their offices at 91, Queen Street E., Toronto, 2 Ont., Canada.

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